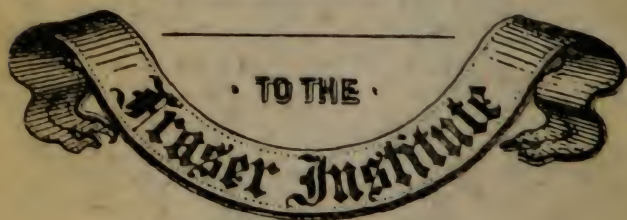




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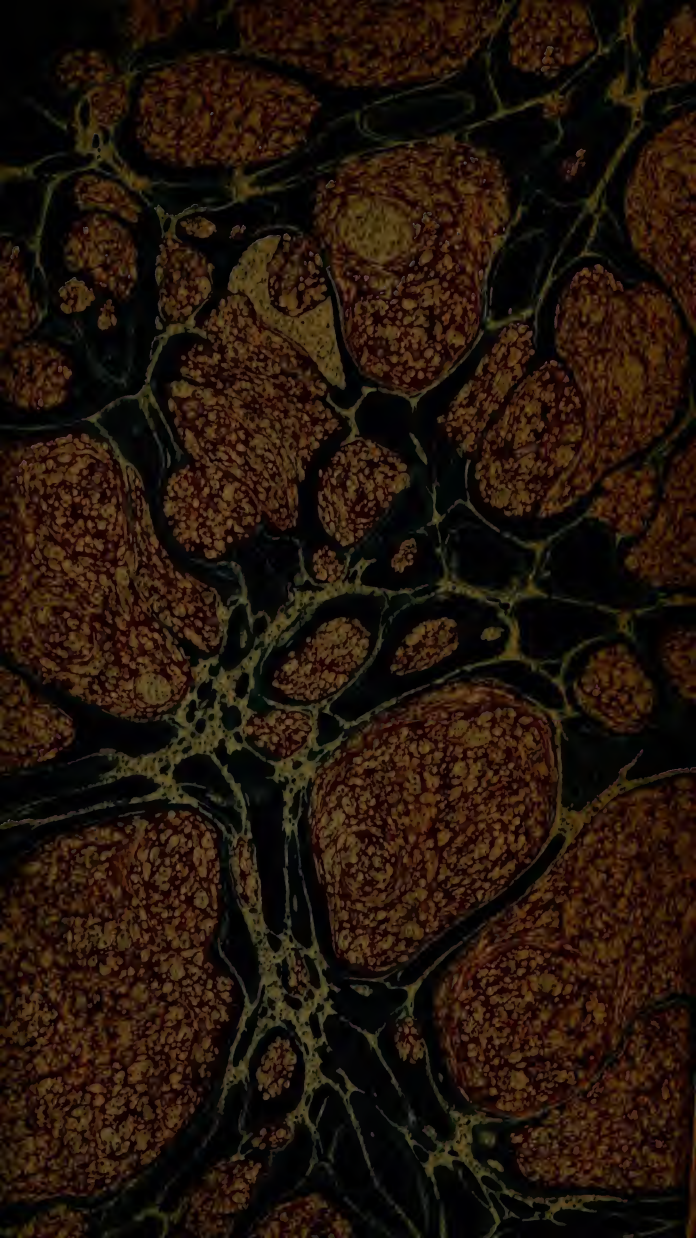
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SPIRIT
OF THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS.



VOL. III.

CONTAINING
THE SPECTATOR AND GUARDIAN.

C. WOOD, Printer,
Poppin's Court, Fleet Street.

THE
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COMPRISING
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ON EVERY SUBJECT OF
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RAMBLER,	CONNOISSEUR,	LOUNGER.

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OF

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Select Papers

FROM THE

SPECTATOR.

Αἰδώς ἐκ ἀγαθῆς ———

HES.

—— *Pudor malus* ——

HOR.

False modesty.

I COULD not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who, being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered, that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that the person has had but an ill education who has not been taught to deny any thing. This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, because he would not venture his money in a game at dice, "I confess," said he, "that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing." On the contrary, a man of vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most

common, is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place, we are to consider false modesty, as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shamefaced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch that at many well bred tables the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen, who travel into Roman Catholic countries, are not a little surprised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure, in those countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters so much into

their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this: those swarms of sectaries, that overran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm, insomuch that, upon the Restoration, men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons, who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical, and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually falling into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of Christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but, in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is, to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.

C,

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,
 Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
 Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
 Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit;
 Judicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,
 Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
 Me quoque musarum studium sub nocte silenti
 Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.*

CLAUD.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
 Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
 Though farther toil his tired limbs refuse,
 The dreaming hunter still the chace pursues :
 The judge abed dispenses still the laws,
 And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause :
 The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
 Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancied goal.
 Me too the Muses, in the silent night,
 With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.

I WAS lately entertaining myself with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a passage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been "weighed in the balance, and been found wanting." In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds : and, in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton, as I have observed in a former paper, had an eye to several of these foregoing instances, in that beautiful description wherein he represents the archangel and the evil

spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens, and weighed the consequence of such a battle.

“Th’ Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh’d,
The perdulous round earth, with balanc’d air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms; in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick’d the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespoke the fiend:—

“ ‘Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know’st mine,
Neither our own, but given; what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than heav’n permits, nor mine, though doubled now,
To trample thee as mire; for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh’d, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist.’ The fiend look’d up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft; nor more, but fled
Murm’ring, and with him fled the shades of night.”

These several amusing thoughts, having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public, I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me, when on a sudden there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they showed

the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to show its comparative lightness, immediately flew up, and kicked the beam.

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader, that these weights did not exert their natural gravity, till they were laid in the golden balance; insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for, upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word Eternity, though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature in one of them, and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word Vanity. I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales; as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and

learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, *In the dialect of men*, and underneath it, CALAMITIES; on the other side was written, *In the language of the gods*, and underneath, BLESSINGS. I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scots, That an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy: I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of natural parts and that of learning. The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; for notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon showed itself in other particulars: as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of style, with innumerable other particulars, too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature; by one of which I found that an English

octavo was very often heavier than a French folio ; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a twopenny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance ; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig ; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word ΤΥΚΕΛ engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and, though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, Not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic value. C.

Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna —

HOR.

A clownish roughness, and unkindly close,
Unfriendly, stiff, and peevishly morose.

CRÉECH.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ BEING of the number of those that have lately retired from the centre of business and pleasure, my uneasiness in the country, where I am, arises rather

from the society than the solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle of neighbours, who, through diversity of age or inclination, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery, from which a man should deliver himself if possible; for why must I lose the remaining part of my life, because they have thrown away the former part of theirs? It is to me an insupportable affliction, to be tormented with the narrations of a set of people, who are warm in their expressions of the quick relish of that pleasure, which their dogs and horses have a more delicate taste of. I do also in my heart detest and abhor that damnable doctrine and position of the necessity of a bumper, though to one's own toast; for though it is pretended that these deep potations are used only to inspire gaiety, they certainly drown that cheerfulness which would survive a moderate circulation. If at these meetings it were left to every stranger either to fill his glass according to his own inclination, or to make his retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that of others, these entertainments would be governed with more good sense, and consequently with more good breeding, than at present they are. Indeed, where any of the guests are known to measure their fame or pleasure by their glass, proper exhortations might be used to these to push their fortunes in this sort of reputation; but where it is unseasonably insisted on to a modest stranger, this drench may be said to be swallowed with the same necessity, as if it had been tendered in the horn for that purpose, with this aggravating circumstance, that it distresses the entertainer's guest in the same degree as it relieves his horses.

“To attend without impatience an account of five-barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to survey the orator with desiring eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary, to be

upon tolerable terms with him ; but then, the occasional bursting out into laughter is of all other accomplishments the most requisite.

“ I confess at present I have not such command of these convulsions as is necessary to be good company ; therefore I beg you would publish this letter, and let me be known all at once for a queer fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to me, that we, who are given to reading and calm conversation, should ever be visited by these roarers : but they think, they themselves, as neighbours, may come into our rooms with the same right that they and their dogs hunt in our grounds.

“ Your institution of clubs I have always admired, in which you constantly endeavoured the union of the metaphorically defunct ; that is, such as are neither serviceable to the busy and enterprising part of mankind, nor entertaining to the retired and speculative. There should certainly therefore in each county be established a club of the persons whose conversations I have described, who, for their own private, as also the public emolument, should exclude and be excluded all other society. Their attire should be the same with their huntsmen's, and none should be admitted into this green conversation piece, except he had broke his collar bone thrice. A broken rib or two might also admit a man without the least opposition. The president must necessarily have broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice : for the more maims this brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their conversation flow and keep up ; and when any one of these vigorous invalids had finished his narration of the collar bone, this naturally would introduce the history of the ribs. Besides the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations. There should also be another club of such men, who have not succeeded so

well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected, by what I have said, to traduce in general the body of fox hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable creature full speed after a pack of dogs, by way of pleasure, and not of business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

“ But the most irksome conversation of all others I have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked men and manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same observation that the carriers and stage-coachmen do through Great Britain; that is, their stops and stages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met with in their passage. They indeed remember the names of abundance of places, with the particular fineries of certain churches: but their distinguishing mark is certain prettiness of foreign languages, the meaning of which they could have better expressed in their own. The entertainment of these fine observers Shakespeare has described to consist

“ In talking of the Alps and Appenines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po.”

And then concludes with a sigh,

“ Now this is worshipful society !”

“ I would not be thought in all this to hate such honest creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot partake in their diversions. But I love them so well as dogs, that I often go with my pockets stuffed with bread to dispense my favours, or make my way through them at neighbours' houses. There is, in particular, a young hound of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprise, that attends my flights wherever he spies me. This creature ob-

serves my countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. His mirth, his frolic, and joy upon the sight of me has been observed, and I have been gravely desired not to encourage him so much, for it spoils his parts; but I think he shows them sufficiently in the several boundings, friskings, and scourings, when he makes his court to me: but I foresee in a little time he and I must keep company with one another only, for we are fit for no other in these parts. Having informed you how I do pass my time in the country where I am, I must proceed to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a fortune as would put me above the observance of ceremony and custom.

“ My scheme of a country life then should be as follows:—As I am happy in three or four very agreeable friends, these I would constantly have with me; and the freedom we took with one another at school and the university, we would maintain and exert upon all occasions with great courage. There should be certain hours of the day to be employed in reading, during which time it should be impossible for any one of us to enter the other’s chamber unless by storm. After this we would communicate the trash or treasure we had met with, with our own reflections upon the matter; the justness of which we would controvert with good-humoured warmth, and never spare one another out of that complaisant spirit of conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same matter in a quarter of an hour. If any of the neighbouring gentlemen, not of our turn, should take it in their heads to visit me, I should look upon these persons in the same degree enemies to my particular state of happiness, as ever the French were to that of the public, and I would be at an annual expense in spies to observe their motions. Whenever I should be surprised with a visit, as I hate drinking, I would be brisk in swilling bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is better to trouble others

with my impertinence, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The necessity of an infirmary makes me resolve to fall into that project ; and as we should be but five, the terrors of an involuntary separation, which our number cannot so well admit of, would make us exert ourselves in opposition to all the particulars mentioned in your institution of that equitable confinement. This my way of life, I know, would subject me to the imputation of a morose, covetous, and singular fellow. These and all other hard words, with all manner of insipid jests, and all other reproach, would be matter of mirth to me and my friends ; besides, I would destroy the application of the epithets, morose and covetous, by a yearly relief of my undeservedly necessitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and domestics with an humanity that should express the obligation to lie rather on my side ; and as for the word singular, I was always of opinion every man must be so, to be what one would desire him.

“ Your very humble Servant,

“ J. R.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ About two years ago I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. Campbell, the dumb man : for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them to town, having heard wonders of him in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go ; but lest they should take it ill, I went with them ; when, to my surprise, Mr. Campbell related all their past life ; in short, had he not been prevented, such a discovery would have come out as would have ruined the next design of their coming to town, viz. buy-

ing wedding clothes. Our names, though he never heard of us before, and we endeavoured to conceal, were as familiar to him as to ourselves. To be sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune, having paid my respects in a family Jacobus, he told me (after his manner), among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should fall ill of a new fever, be given over by my physicians, but should, with much difficulty, recover; that the first time I took the air afterwards, I should be addressed by a young gentleman of a plentiful fortune, good sense, and a generous spirit. Mr. Spectator, he is the purest man in the world, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest she in Kent. I have been in quest of Mr. Campbell these three months, and cannot find him out. Now, hearing you are a dumb man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think myself highly obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine. It is very possible your worship, who has spies all over this town, can inform me how to send to him: if you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

“ Your constant reader and admirer,

“ DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.”

Ordered, That the inspector I employ about wonders, inquire at the Golden Lion, opposite to the Half Moon tavern in Drury Lane, into the merit of this silent sage, and report accordingly. L.

— *Lucidus ordo.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 14.

Perspicuous method.

AMONG my daily papers, which I bestow on the public, there are some which are written with regu-

clarity and method, and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of Essays. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last kind, as Tully and Aristotle excel in the other. When I read an author of genius who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising among one another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centres, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused, imperfect notion of the place; in the other your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work, both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning, when

they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obscurity in confusion, and the same sentence, that would have enlightened the reader in one part of the discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise, every thought in a methodical discourse shows itself in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffee house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten, which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the skuttle fish, that, when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him till he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodise his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the Dispensary, a barren superfluity of words: the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is a pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a Freethinker, finds a great many things

to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it; though the matter in debate be about Douay or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcraft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a "What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present purpose?" I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the argument, when he has been non-plus'd on a sudden by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear, methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantages over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless, undisciplined militia.

C.

— *Dare jura maritis.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 398.

To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epistles I every day receive from husbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all, ill-nature in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the cause

of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style, and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life: they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raise our imagination to what is not to be expected in human life; and because we did not beforehand think of the creature we were enamoured of, as subject to dishumour, age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy, human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies and appetites would have them. He then, who took a young lady to his bed, with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire, as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man, who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the calamities of human life, both in body and mind, and even at the best, what must bring upon him new cares and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage

state. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity instead of anger; and when they run over his head, he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trusty has told me that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room: on the other side, Will Sparkish cannot put on his perriwig, or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of these damned nurses and squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of their hearing, and drives to the chocolate house.

According as the husband is disposed in himself, every circumstance of his life is to give him torment or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing arise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matter of some delight unknown to a single condition.

He, who sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married man who has not bid adieu to the fashions and false gallantries of the town is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men cannot, indeed, make a sillier figure than in repeating such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday, I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his own head, when the clock in the

parlour struck two, said papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something: and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was: but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this disposition, silence the whole family, as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes: but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly: as I remember, those are his very words; but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Socrates, who is by all accounts the un-

doubted head of the sect of the hen-peckt, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to people of less fortitude than himself on this subject. A friend with indignation asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, "That they, who learn to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get, and when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the backs of steeds less restive." At several times to different persons on the same subject, he has said, "My dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe that I bear so well your flying out in a dispute." To another, "My hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a trading street are not disturbed at the passage of carts." I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say therefore, that I am verily persuaded, that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, on occasions of joy can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, "How happy will this make my wife and children." Upon occurrences of distress or danger, can comfort himself, "But all this while my wife and children are safe." There is something in it that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All w are married, without this relish of their circumstance,

are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life. C.

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus

Inciderit——

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,

But for a business worthy of a god. ROSCOMMON.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness, than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good will towards men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion; people of gloomy, uncheerful imaginations, or of envious, malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person

who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face, she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her; but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some flaw in their own, or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such a one died childless; why such a one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why such a one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a back sword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly, in ordinary life, is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned,

though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable. Indeed, most historians, as well Christian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle superstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth, of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. William the Conqueror's race generally found their judgments in the New Forest, where their fathers had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading a history of the kings of Israel or Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person on whom they fall, but very presumptuous in regard to Him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous, which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another.

We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor, when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one, or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two: first, That, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest; upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents; and when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities, and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons to whose lot they have fallen? How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved

a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul), may teach us a caution in this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady, who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with this instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it. O.

——— *Digna satis fortuna revisit.*

VIRG. ÆN. iii, ver. 318.

A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

IT is common with me to run from book to book to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings which please me most on such occasions are stories for

the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice, and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the history. This will be better understood by the reader from the following narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

When Charles Duke of Burgundy, surnamed The Bold, reigned over spacious dominions now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynsault, a German, who had served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynsault, with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His highness, prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. He was not long seated in that government before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government. Rhynsault was a man of a warm constitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds.

However he had so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex, and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable from a lustful man, and the possession of a woman by him, who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault, being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might insnare her into his conversation. The governor, despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the Duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect, and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house, and as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet, and asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud, "If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the

rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever." He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated: and the governor laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the suppliant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention, and bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life, and she must before the following noon pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Sapphira enough again distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with unsupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his gaolers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occur-

rences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death ; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynsault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison ; “but,” continued he, “my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations.” These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the gaol,—her husband executed by the order of Rhynsault.

It was remarkable, that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in solitude paid her devotions to Him, who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the Duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words : “Behold, O mighty Charles ! a wretch weary of life, though it has always been spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And, if the protection of the distressed, and the punishment of oppressors, is a task worthy a

prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off from mine."

When she had spoken this, she delivered the Duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynsault was sent for to court, and in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira; the prince asking, "Do you know that lady?" Rhynsault, as soon as he could recover his surprise, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a reparation. The Duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhynsault, "Thus far you have done as constrained by my authority; I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease." To the performance of this also the Duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the Duke turned to the lady and told her, "It now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you;" and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynsault. T.

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tandem philosophorum? Cic.

What kind of philosophy is it, to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and

in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent minister, who was head of a college in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election, which was drawing near, in the college of which the independent minister, whom I have before mentioned, was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him, in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen nightcaps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased, when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and

when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, whether he was prepared for death? The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that, upon making his escape out of this house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons, who, by a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments, which are not only innocent but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those, who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one, who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; show him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or a marriage feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very

properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but He, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons, who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider, whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shown how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those, who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the land of promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who show us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan writer has made a discourse, to show that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. "For my own part," says he, "I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such a man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul: it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself. O.

——— *Nimis uncis*
Naribus indulges ——— PERS. Sat. i, ver. 40.
 ——— You drive the jest too far. DRYDEN.

MY friend Will Honeycomb has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

“DEAR SPEC,

“I was about two nights ago in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world

than bad wives. A gentleman, who was an advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my Historical Dictionary after the following manner :— ‘ When the Emperor, Conrade III, had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor, that they might depart out of it with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight that he burst into tears; and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.’

“ The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us, at the same time, whether in our consciences we did believe, that the men in any town of Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaded themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good friend, Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege

above mentioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us till bed-time. This filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas, that, upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following dream: —

“I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the above mentioned town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several loadings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care: upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back. I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, till, upon her setting him down, I heard her call him ‘dear pug,’ and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her: and the fifth a Bologna lap-

dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very bulky man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, loaded with a bag of gold; she told us, that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to show her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind, with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

“ It would be endless to mention the several persons with their several loads that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbands, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so overladen, that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

“ I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women employed in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, till upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it

was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkst this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from, dear Spec,

“Thine, sleeping and waking,

“WILL HONEYCOMB.”

The ladies will see, by this letter, what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shows his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot however dismiss his letter without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

O.

——— *Huc natus adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes, et mox generosque nurusque :
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.*
OVID. Met. lib. vi, ver. 182.

Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause,
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.

CROXAL.

“SIR,

“YOU, who are so well acquainted with the story of Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many

agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you at least for having taken off that senseless ridicule, which for many years the witlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part I was born in wedlock, and I don't care who knows it; for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage, or to make use of husband and wife as terms of reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one step farther, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the same time I have so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

“ Among the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which you have described in your former papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the account by those who write on this subject. You must have observed, in your speculations on human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power or dominion: and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties, in administering justice, and in distributing rewards and punishments. To speak in the language of the centurion, ‘I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.’ In short, Sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am myself both king and priest. All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little private royalties, and therefore I consider the masters of families as small deputy governors, presiding over the several little parcels and divisions of their fellow-subjects. As I take great pleasure in the ad-

ministration of my government in particular, so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier man than any bachelor in England, of my rank and condition.

“There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share, I mean the having a multitude of children. These I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When I see my little troop before me I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see myself thus perpetuated: and as there is no production comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built an hundred pyramids at my own expense, or published as many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the Holy Scripture represented Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on threescore and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries. How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising! For my own part, I can sit in my parlour with great content, when I take a review of half a dozen of my little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may gain my favour and approbation. I cannot question but He, who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is Sir Francis Bacon’s observation, that, in a numerous family of children, the eldest is often spoiled by the

prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parent; but that some one or other in the middle, who has perhaps not been regarded, has made his way in the world and overtopped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of life, whether it be in the army or in the fleet, in trade or in any of the three learned professions; for you must know, Sir, that from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, 'That a man who has many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason I cannot forbear amusing myself with finding out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a physician, or a lawyer, among my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

"If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this letter impertinent: but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire: whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is

"Your most humble Servant,

"and well wisher,

"PHILOGAMUS."

T.

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,
 Non vicanos aruspices, non de circo astrologos,
 Non Istacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium :
 Non enim sunt ii, aut scientia, aut arte divina,
 Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
 Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat :
 Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias,
 Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,
 Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt :
 De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.*

ENNIVS.

Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,
 Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
 I ne'er consult, and heartily despise :
 Vain their pretence to more than human skill :
 For gain imaginary schemes they draw ;
 Wand'ers themselves, they guide another's steps,
 And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth ;
 Let them, if they expect to be believ'd,
 Deduct the sixpence and bestow the rest.

THOSE, who have maintained, that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is passed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and

to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing; some read men's fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flights of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and at the same time outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing with a religious attention after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observations of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophecies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gypsies, and cunning men, are dispersed through all the counties and market towns of Great Britain, not to mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well disposed persons in the cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended arts of divination,

there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed, in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons by this means; but as it is the chief business of this paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetic Philomath; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits to resort to that place, either for their cure or for their instruction.

Moorfields, Oct. 4. 1712.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Having long considered whether there be any trade wanting in this great city, after having surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an Oneirocritic, or, in plain English, an interpreter of dreams. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candle light all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great uncle, by my wife's side, was a Scotch Highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night of the year. My Christian and surname begin and end with the same letter. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjuror.

“ If you had been in company so much as myself,

with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, 'My dream is out : ' and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other has happened which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, Sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-subjects, I shall, in the first place, tell those persons what they dreamed of, who fancy they never dreamed at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream upon hearing a single circumstance of it. And, in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains ; not questioning, at the same time, that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit, or emolument, which I shall thus discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality or others, who are indisposed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water. I set aside one day in the week for lovers ; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who is turned of sixty, after the rate of half-a-crown *per week*, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up, at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniences for dreaming at their own houses.

"TITUS TROPHONIUS."

"N.B. I am not dumb."

O.

*Candida perpetuo reside, concordia, lecto,
 Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
 Diligat illa senem quondam; sed et ipsa marito,
 Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur annus.*
 MART. Epig. xiii, lib. iv, ver. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
 And Venus still the well-match'd pair befriend.
 May she, when time has sunk him into years,
 Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;
 Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,
 But think each happy sun his bridal day.

THE following essay is written by the gentleman to whom the world is obliged for those several excellent discourses which have been marked with the letter X.

I have somewhere met with a fable that made wealth the father of love. It is certain that a mind ought, at least, to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the softnesses and endearments of this passion. Notwithstanding, we see multitudes of married people, who are utter strangers to this delightful passion, amidst all the affluence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people should be alike: I could instance an hundred pair, who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of love has something so extremely fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little accidents, which the careless and unpolite never attend to till it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state than too great a familiarity, and lay-

ing aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of dress. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no farther occasion for the bait, when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too common fault in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies, where a French woman offering to undress and dress herself before the lover of the play, and assuring her mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that's a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an English woman, as to resolve never to learn to dress, even before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, that they lose their husband's hearts, for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular, who, at their first giving into love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense, I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a

man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary occasions. It is this which sets the two sexes at the greatest distance; a woman is vexed and surprised to find nothing more in the conversation of a man than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement at least in business, not only sets a man's talents in the fairest light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife cannot well intermeddle; but gives frequent occasions for those little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness they may give, are some of the best preservatives of love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves, that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one, who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense enough; she married Erastus, who is in a post of some business, and has a general taste in most parts of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or done by Erastus. Erastus, since his marriage, is more gay in his dress than ever, and in all companies is as complaisant to Lætitia as to any other lady. I have seen him give her a fan, when it was dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together, Erastus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and spirit, which is peculiar to him, giving her an insight into things she had no notions of before. Lætitia is transported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. Erastus has carried this point still farther, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. Erastus finds a justness or beauty in

whatever she says or observes, that Lætitia herself was not aware of; and, by his assistance, she has discovered an hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner, "I have lately laid out some money on paintings," says Erastus: "I bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's judgment; it cost me threescore guineas, and I was this morning offered an hundred for it." I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry: she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot: she has the mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner but determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts, with an oath by way of preface, and, "My dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly." Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia; but as love seldom continues long

after esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person most, whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with. X.

Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides ! —

VIRG. *Æn.* vi, ver. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith !

Undaunted worth ! inviolable truth !

DRYDEN.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

“ HONOUR'D SIR,

“ Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melan-

choly news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a surloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady, whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother; he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a

great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church, for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most sorrowful Servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT."

"P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he

died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club. O.

— *Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.*

Juv. Sat. viii, ver. 76.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame :
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall.

STEPNEY.

THIS being a day of business with me, I must take the present entertainment like a treat at an house-warming, out of such presents as have been sent me by my guests. The first dish which I serve up is a letter come fresh to my hand.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" It is with inexpressible sorrow that I hear of the

death of good Sir Roger, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an occasion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us so ill-news, and to have had it stamped likewise in black. It is expected of you that you should write his epitaph, and, if possible, fill his place in the club with as worthy and diverting a member. I question not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear candidates for that post.

“ Since I am talking of death, and have mentioned an epitaph, I must tell you, Sir, that I have made discovery of a churchyard, in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and to the public; it belongs to the church of Stebon-heath, commonly called Stepney. Whether or no it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I may say, without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tombstones than myself, my studies having lain very much in churchyards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs, for a sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic; the second is something light but nervous. The first is thus:—

“ Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd. Ah why!
 Born in New England, did in London die;
 Was the third son of eight, begot upon
 His mother Martha by his father John.
 Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,
 But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.

Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
 By which his mother and two brethren came
 Also to breath their last, nine years before,
 And now have left their father to deplore
 The loss of all his children with his wife,
 Who was the joy and comfort of his life."

The second is as follows : —

" Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
 Spittlefields' weaver, and that's all."

"I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this subject, without sending a short epitaph, which I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and in my opinion the finest that I ever met with upon this occasion. You know, Sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person, who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

*" Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi.
 Qualis erat dies iste indicabit."*

" Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last day. What sort of a man he was, that day will discover.

" I am, Sir, &c."

The following letter is dated from Cambridge.

" SIR,

" Having lately read among your spéculations an essay upon phisiognomy, I cannot but think that if you made a visit to this ancient university, you might receive very considerable lights upon that subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who does not give certain indications of his particular humour and disposition conformable to the rules of

that art. In courts and cities every body lays a constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the world; but the youth of this place, having not yet formed themselves by conversation and the knowledge of the world, give their limbs and features their full play.

“As you have considered human nature in all its lights, you must be extremely well apprised, that there is a very close correspondence between the outward and inward man; that scarce the least dawning, the least parturiency towards a thought can be stirring in the mind of man, without producing a suitable revolution in his exteriors, which will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory of the phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinsic worth and merit of a son of Alma Mater is ordinarily calculated from the cast of his visage, the contour of his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposition of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of circumstances of equal consequence and information: the practitioners in this art often make use of a gentleman's eyes to give 'em light into the posture of his brains; take a handle from his nose, to judge of the size of his intellects; and interpret the overmuch visibility and pertness of one ear, as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a sign the owner of so saucy a member fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme, a contracted brow, a lumpish downcast look, a sober sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and steady, in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of the galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathematics in perfection. So likewise the Belles Lettres are typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one hand in the fob, and a negligent swing of the other with a pinch of right and fine Barcelona between finger and thumb, a due quantity of the

same upon the upper lip, and a noddle-case loaden with pulvil. Again, a grave, solemn, stalking pace is heroic poetry and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode, and the modern ballad; and an open breast, with an audacious display of the Holland shirt, is construed a fatal tendency to the art military.

“ I might be much larger upon these hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any speculation upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the persons concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming the British Spectator, and oblige

“ Your very humble Servant,

“ TOM TWEER.”

*Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

HOR. Od. xxxiii, lib. i, ver. 10.

Thus Venus sports; the rich, the base,
Unlike in fortune, and in face,
To disagreeing love provokes;
When cruelly jocose,
She ties the fatal noose,
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

CREECH.

IT is very usual for those, who have been severe upon marriage in some part or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not sooner or later pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who

have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind, on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend, Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of letters which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter, a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid; but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed Dear Spec, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into My worthy Friend, and subscribed himself at the latter end of it at full length, William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant phrases which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself: —

“ MY WORTHY FRIEND,

“ I question not but you, and the rest of my ac-

quaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogam, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces; but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of *The marriage hater match'd*;

but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my post of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jauntiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight-and-forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen), and as

“ Your most sincere Friend,

“ and humble Servant,

“ WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.”

Spem longam reseces.——

HOR. Od. xi, lib. i, ver. 7.

Cut short vain hope.

MY four hundred and seventy-first speculation turned upon the subject of hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of any thing in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here

makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after: where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landscapes lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector are cast away in every age. Men of

warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that good which lies within their reach for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life, presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, and grasps at impossibilities, and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been; and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of hope, which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred

of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however stop there, but still continue my traffic, till I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the Grand Visier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the Grand Visier's daughter, I'll buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a grand train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech: as, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.'

“When I have brought the princess to my house,

I shall take particular care to breed her in due respect to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me: but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour: then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs, and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

O.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμεν.

ARAT.

For we are his offspring.

Acts xvii. 28.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

" SIR,

" IT has been usual to mind persons of rank, on great occasions in life, of their race and quality, and to what expectations they were born: that by considering what is worthy of them, they may be

withdrawn from mean pursuits, and encouraged to laudable undertakings; thus turning nobility into a principle of virtue, and making it productive of merit, as it is understood to have been originally a reward of it.

“ It is for the like reason I imagine that you have in some of your speculations asserted to your readers the dignity of human nature. But you cannot be insensible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are authors who consider human nature in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to show the falsity of all human virtues. The reflections which are made on this subject usually take some tincture from the tempers and characters of those that make them. Politicians can resolve the most shining actions among men into artifice and design; others, who are soured by discontent, repulses, or ill usage, are apt to mistake their spleen for philosophy; men of profligate lives, and such as find themselves incapable of rising to any distinction among their fellow creatures, are for pulling down all appearances of merit, which seem to upbraid them; and satirists describe nothing but deformity. From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call *Caricaturas*: where the art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster.

“ It is very disingenuous to level the best of mankind with the worst, and for the faults of particulars to degrade the whole species. Such methods tend not only to remove a man’s good opinion of others, but to destroy that reverence for himself, which is a great guard of innocence, and a spring of virtue,

“It is true indeed, that there are surprising mixtures of beauty and deformity, of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in the human make; such a disparity is found among numbers of the same kind, and every individual in some instances, or at some times, is so unequal to himself, that man seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent being in the whole creation. So that the question in morality, concerning the dignity of our nature, may at first sight appear like some difficult question in natural philosophy, in which the arguments on both sides seem to be of equal strength. But as I began with considering this point as it relates to action, I shall here borrow an admirable reflection from Monsieur Pascal, which I think sets it in its proper light.

“‘It is of dangerous consequence,’ says he, ‘to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness, without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.’ ‘Whatever imperfections we may have in our nature, it is the business of religion and virtue to rectify them, as far as is consistent with our present state. In the mean time, it is no small encouragement to generous minds to consider that we shall put them all off with our mortality. That sublime manner of salutation with which the Jews approached their kings,

O King, live for ever!

may be addressed to the lowest and most despised mortal among us, under all the infirmities and distresses with which we seem surrounded. And whoever believes the immortality of the soul will not need a better argument for the dignity of

his nature, nor a stronger incitement to actions suitable to it.'

"I am naturally led by this reflection to a subject I have already touched upon in a former letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind the thoughts of Cicero to this purpose, in the close of his book concerning old age. Every one, who is acquainted with his writings, will remember that the elder Cato is introduced in that discourse as the speaker, and Scipio and Lelius as his auditors. This venerable person is represented looking forward, as it were, from the verge of extreme old age into a future state, and rising into a contemplation on the unperishable part of his nature and its existence after death. I shall collect part of his discourse. And as you have formerly offered some arguments for the soul's immortality, agreeable both to reason and the Christian doctrine, I believe your readers will not be displeased to see how the same great truth shines in the pomp of the Roman eloquence.

" 'This,' says Cato, 'is my firm persuasion, that since the human soul exerts itself with so great activity; since it has such a remembrance of the past, such a concern for the future; since it is enriched with so many arts, sciences, and discoveries, it is impossible but the being which contains all these must be immortal.'

"The elder Cyrus, just before his death, is represented by Xenophon speaking after this manner. 'Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more: but remember that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my actions you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the honours of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame? For my own part, I never

could think that the soul, while in a mortal body, lives, but when departed out of it, dies; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal alliance, then it truly exists. Further, since the human frame is broken by death, tell us what becomes of its parts? It is visible whither the materials of other beings are translated, namely, to the source from whence they had their birth. The soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the object of our eyes.'

"Thus Cyrus. But to proceed. 'No one shall persuade me, Scipio, that your worthy father, or your grandfather Paulus and Africanus, or Africanus his father or uncle, or many other excellent men, whom I need not name, performed so many actions to be remembered by posterity, without being sensible that futurity was their right. And, if I may be allowed an old man's privilege, to speak of myself, do you think I would have endured the fatigue of so many wearisome days and nights, both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same boundary which is set to my life must terminate my glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my days in ease and tranquillity, free from labour, and without emulation? But I know not how, my soul has always raised itself, and looked forward on futurity, in this view and expectation, that, when it shall depart out of life, it shall then live for ever; and if this were not true, that the mind is immortal, the souls of the most worthy would not, above all others, have the strongest impulse to glory.

"What besides this is the cause that the wisest men die with the greatest equanimity, the ignorant with the greatest concern? Does it not seem that those minds, which have the most extensive views,

foresee they are removing to a happier condition, which those of a narrower sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am transported with the hope of seeing your ancestors, whom I have honoured and loved; and am earnestly desirous of meeting, not only those excellent persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a journey. O happy day, when I shall escape from this croud, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spirits! when I shall go, not only to these great persons I have named, but to my Cato, my son, than whom a better man was never born, and whose funeral rites I myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his soul deserted me, but seeming to cast back a look on me is gone before to those habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have borne my loss with courage, I was not unaffected with it; but I comforted myself in the assurance that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more.'

"I am, Sir, &c."

*Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen*——

OVID. Met. lib. ii, ver. 13.

Though not alike, consenting parts agree,
Fashion'd with similar variety.

THOSE, who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a being transcendently wise and powerful. As the

world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of a human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his handiwork. There are, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use, but as they saw that most of those which were examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body, may be applied to the body of every animal, which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence, that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of

an human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony, in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the creation: as Sir Isaac Newton, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy, I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shows the hand of a thinking and all wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an uncontested principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that

fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature, that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shown the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descants, which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still farther; every living creature, considered in itself, has very many complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in

all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye; and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown a hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous course of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet farther, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom,

power, and goodness in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem, entitled the Creation, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others. O.

——— *O dea certe !*

VIRG. Æn. i, ver. 332.

O goddess ! for no less you seem.

IT is very strange to consider that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame; that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to out-shine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy

when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and, if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration; and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion! How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind; as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable: so

nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom, for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I will distinguish by the name of Idols. An Idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your Idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The playhouse is very frequently filled with Idols; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the ring, and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: joys of heaven and pains of hell are at their disposal; paradise is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports, and ecstasies are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add, under this head, that Ovid's book of the Art of Love is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an Idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of Idols, as Milton's was to number those that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like Moloch, in fire and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to see their votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the Idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It

has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the Chinese Idols, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those idolators, who devote themselves to the Idols I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For as others fall out because they worship different idols, these idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention, therefore, of the Idol is quite contrary to the wishes of the idolater: as the one desires to confine the Idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an Idol is prettily described in a tale of Chaucer: he represents one of them sitting at the table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations: she smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot, which was under the table. "Now which of these three," says the old bard, "do you think was the favourite? In troth," says he, "not one of all the three."

The behaviour of this old Idol in Chaucer, puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the greatest Idols among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle light, in the midst of a large congregation, generally called an assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolators, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them before they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In

short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his devotions on the same canonical hour that day se'ennight.

An Idol may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your Idol: the truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated idol, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering, therefore, that in these and many other cases the woman generally outlives the Idol, I must return to the moral of this paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired: in order to which they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments, which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. C.

*Illa, Quis et me, inquit, miscram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.*

VIRG. Georg. iv, ver. 494.

Then thus the bride: What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
And now farewell! involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight;
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces, ah! no longer thine!

DRYDEN.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit

and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who, having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and, by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and, by degrees, raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia,

who was overawed by the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia : —

“ The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me ; life itself has become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

“ THEODOSIUS.”

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it ; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house one after another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted ; she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius ; in

short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage, which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father, seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son in law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now Constantia resided; and de-

siring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments, which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and, after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. "My behaviour," says she, "has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death." She here paused, and lifted up her eyes, that streamed with tears, towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed.

She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch, that, in the agonies of his grief, the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again into tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one, who, he thought, had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruption of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted: to tell her, that her sins were forgiven her: that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended: that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form, directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius, having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would, from time to time, continue

his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. "The rules of our respective orders," says he, "will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give."

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between the noviciate and Father Francis, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

"As the first fruits of those joys and consolations, which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its disappointment than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

"FRANCIS."

Constantia saw that the handwriting agreed with the contents of the letter; and, upon reflecting on

the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, "It is enough," says she, "Theodosius is still in being: I shall live with comfort, and die in peace."

The letters, which the father sent her afterwards, are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided, and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that, after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his deathbed, he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval, which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure; "And now," says she, "if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it." She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose:—

"Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and Sister Constance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided." C.

*Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat :
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juvena,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.*

VIRG. ÆN. ii, ver. 471.

So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake ;
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns ;
Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun, and rais'd on spires he rides ;
High o'er the grass hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.

DRYDEN.

UPON laying down the office of Spectator, I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past ; but not finding it so easy, as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years' silence. I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, till I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member : and shall here give an account of this surprising change, which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Cræsus, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as my self.

Upon the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech, consisting of about half a dozen well-turned periods ; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that, for three days together, instead of finding the use of

my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion, made my face ache on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and, that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used for some time to walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better company, than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found, that, if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The coffee houses have ever since been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvement; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I was a Tory at

Button's, and a Whig at Child's, a friend to the Englishman, or an advocate for the Examiner, as it best served my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

— *Nil fuit unquam*
Tam dispar sibi —

HOR. Sat. iii, lib. i, ver. 18.

Nothing was ever so unlike itself.

My old acquaintance scarce know me: nay, I was asked the other day by a Jew, at Jonathan's, whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman, who used to come to that coffee house? But I think I never was better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new acquired loquacity.

Those, who have been present at public disputes in the university, know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument's sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelve-month, not so much for the benefit of my hearers, as of myself. But since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to

make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practices both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men, and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving, by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief tendency of my papers to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another. The most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and so long as he acts with an eye to these principles, whatever party he is

of, he cannot fail of being a good Englishman, and a lover of his country.

As for the persons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: till which time I must entreat the courteous reader to suspend his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues.

VIRG. *Æn.* i, ver. 665.

He fears th' ambiguous race, and Tyrians double tongu'd.

“THERE is nothing,” says Plato, “so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth.” For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts, which are given of Cato, I do not remember one, that more redounds to his honour, than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required a testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced; but the prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person, who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shows us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great

man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man, however, ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant sermon of the great British preacher. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

“The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

“The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that, if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment: and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.”

I have by me a letter, which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this

most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King Charles II's reign by the ambassador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

“ MASTER,

“ The people, where I now am, have tongues farther from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean : and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another : truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one, who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, that he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another, who came with him, told me, by my interpreter, he should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me ; but, instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one, who desired me to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly I, the next morning, began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present ; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the lord

treasurer, that I had eternally obliged him. I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, What service is there, which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity! However, I only asked him, for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

“At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king’s scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldst fancy, that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me is, How I do? I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this doubled tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Bantam.” O.

*Qui sit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
 Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
 Contentus vivat : laudet diversa sequentes ?
 O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
 Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore !
 Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
 Militia est potior. Quid enim ? concurritur : horæ
 Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
 Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
 Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
 Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
 Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
 Quo rem deducam. Siquis Deus, en ego, dicat,
 Jam facium quod vultis : eris tu, qui modo miles,
 Mercator : tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,
 Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,
 Quid statis ? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatiss.*

Hon. Sat. i, lib. i, ver. 1.

Whence is't Mæcenas, that so few approve
 The state they're placed in, and incline to rove :
 Whether against their will by fate impos'd,
 Or by consent and prudent choice espous'd ?
 Happy the merchant ! the old soldier cries,
 Broke with fatigues and warlike enterprise.
 The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane
 Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,
 Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign :
 There an engagement soon decides your doom,
 Bravely to die, or come victorious home.
 The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,
 When at the dawn the clients break his rest.
 The farmer, having put in bail t' appear,
 And forc'd to town, cries, they are happiest there :
 With thousands more of this inconstant race,
 Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each case.
 Not to detain you longer, pray attend
 The issue of all this ; should Jove descend,
 And grant to every man his rash demand,
 To run his lengths with a neglectful hand ;

First, grant the harass'd warrior a release,
Bid him go trade, and try the faithless seas,
To purchase treasure and declining ease :
Next call the pleader from his learned strife,
To the calm blessings of a country life ;
And, with these separate demands, dismiss
Each suppliant, to enjoy the promis'd bliss ;
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Though proffer'd to be happy from above.

HORNECK.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that, if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep ; when, on a sudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with

several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons, who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these burdens of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it: but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise dis-

tempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people : this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap : at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes ; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found, that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length : I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves ; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his mis-

fortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper. O.

*Quid causæ est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratas buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?*

HOR. Sat. i, lib. i, ver. 20.

Were it not just that Jove, provok'd to heat,
Should drive these triflers from the hallow'd seat,
And unrelenting stand when they entreat?

HORNECK.

IN my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows: though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A

venerable gray headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out ; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give back his colic ; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features ; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation : but, on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with ; whether it be that all the evils that befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder ; nor the fine gentleman who

had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trap sticks, that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations.

Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

O.

— *Paulatim abolere Sichæum*
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

VIRG. *Æn.* i, ver. 724.

But he———

Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
 And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
 The dead is to the living love resign'd,
 And all Æneas enters in her mind.

DRYDEN.

“ SIR,

“ I AM a tall, broad shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich widow : but, after having tried my fortune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one single relict in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the word settlement. Though I have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have learned several secrets which may be of use to those unhappy gentlemen who are commonly distinguished by the name of widow hunters, and who do not know that this tribe of women are, generally speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves the widow club. This club consists of nine experienced dames, who take their places once a week round a large oval table.

“ I. Mrs. President is a person who has disposed of six husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh, being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her comrades are as follow : —

“ II. Mrs. Snap, who has four jointures, by four different bed-fellows, of four different shires. She is at present upon the point of marriage with a Mid-

dlessex man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her possessions through all the counties in England on this side the Trent.

“ III. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two husbands and a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the club after a week’s cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board.

“ IV. The Widow Quick, married within a fortnight after the death of her last husband. Her weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

“ V. Lady Catherine Swallow. She was a widow at eighteen, and has since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

“ VI. The Lady Waddle. She was married in the fifteenth year of her age to Sir Simon Waddle, Knt. aged threescore and twelve, by whom she had twins nine months after his decease. In the fifty-fifth year of her age she was married to James Spindle, Esq., a youth of one-and-twenty, who did not outlive the honeymoon.

“ VII. Deborah Conquest. The case of this lady is something particular. She is the relict of Sir Sampson Conquest, some time justice of the quorum. Sir Sampson was seven feet high, and two feet in breadth from the tip of one shoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them died in childbed. This terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir Sampson. At length Mrs. Deborah undertook him, and gave so good an account of him, that in three years’ time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit has gained her so great a reputation in the club, that they have added Sir Sampson’s three victories to hers, and give her the merit of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

“ VIII. The Widow Wildfire, relict of Mr. John Wildfire, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a six-bar gate. She took his death so much to heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had she not diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widowhood. This gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young Templar, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken officer, who likewise gave up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as short-lived a favourite as his predecessors, but had the pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long series of lovers, who followed the Widow Wildfire to the thirty-seventh year of her age, at which time there ensued a cessation of ten years, when John Felt, haberdasher, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

“ IX. The last is pretty Mrs. Runnet, who broke her first husband's heart before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the club, but soon after left it upon account of a second, whom she made so quick a dispatch of, that she returned to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This young matron is looked upon as the most rising member of the society, and will probably be in the president's chair before she dies.

“ These ladies, upon their first institution, resolved to give the pictures of their deceased husbands to the club-room; but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the wall: upon which they came to a second resolution, that every matron should give her own picture, and set it round with her husbands' in miniature.

“ As they have most of them the misfortune to be troubled with the colic, they have a noble cellar of cordials and strong waters. When they grow

maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not weep so much for the loss of a husband as for the want of one.

“ The principal rule by which the whole society are to govern themselves is this, to cry up the pleasures of a single life upon all occasions, in order to deter the rest of their sex from marriage, and engross the whole male world to themselves.

“ They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the society, to communicate his name, at which time the whole assembly sit upon his reputation, person, fortune, and good humour; and if they find him qualified for a sister of the club, they lay their heads together how to make him sure. By this means, they are acquainted with all the widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. There is an honest Irish gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this society, but at different times has made love to the whole club.

“ Their conversation often turns upon their former husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their several arts and stratagems with which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good-natured man, till at last, to use the club phrase, they sent him out of the house with his heels foremost.

“ The politics, which are most cultivated by this society of *She Machiavels*, relate chiefly to these two points, how to treat a lover, and how to manage a husband. As for the first set of artifices, they are too numerous to come within the compass of your paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second letter.

“ The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines, which are universally assented

to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world.. Not to lessen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the generosity, or any other virtue, of a deceased husband, which she would recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and servants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disinherit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection till he has made over to her all his goods and chattels.

“After so long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,

“Your humble Servant, &c.”

— *Deum namque ire per omnes*

Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum.

VIRG. Georg. iv, ver. 221.

For God the whole created mass inspires :

Thro' heaven and earth, and ocean's depths he throws

His influence round, and kindles as he goes.

DRYDEN.

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven : in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The Galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose

at length in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou regardest him?" In the same manner when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this, which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass

from one end of the creation to the other ; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes ; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it ; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it ?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one, who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among the infinite variety of creatures which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference

to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices, which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of these objects among whom he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence; his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as

omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty; but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the sensorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their sensoriola, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it, for millions of years, continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. "O that I knew where I might find him!" says Job. "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be

absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion : for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and, in an unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

C.

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,
An sit amicitia dignus —*

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 434.

Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

ROSCOMMON.

NO vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humourously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company : " for," says he, " when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first, is entitled to the reward ;" on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity

of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnel, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four tun of Port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of Cyder, and three glasses of Champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnel, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings, which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hang-

ing on the tree before them was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined ; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and show itself ; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome ; “ Put less water in your wine,” says the philosopher, “ and you will quickly make her so.” Wine heightens indifference into love ; love into jealousy ; and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, That drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrius, *Qui ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem* ; “ He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.”

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects, which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to show the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper. C.

Castigata remordent.

Juv. Sat. ii, ver. 35.

Chastised, the accusation they retort.

MY paper on the club of widows has brought me in several letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows:—

“ SMART SIR,

“ You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you seem to ground your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after the death of our dears, and the number we are pleased to admit for our companions; but you never reflect what husbands we have buried, and how short a sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own part, Mrs. President as you call me, my first husband I was married to at fourteen, by my uncle and guardian (as I afterwards discovered), by way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked upon me as a mere child he might breed up after his own fancy. If he kissed my

chambermaid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any hurt in it? When he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning, it was the custom of all men that live in the world. I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin of his into the house (as he said) to be my housekeeper, and to govern my servants; for how should I know how to rule a family? And while she had what money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the trouble she was at for my good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike familiarity and kindness between near relations. I was too great a coward to contend, but not so ignorant a child to be thus imposed upon. I resented his contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor, passive, blinded wives do, till it pleased Heaven to take away my tyrant, who left me free possession of my own land, and a large jointure. My youth and money brought me many lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest in my heart while my husband was in his last sickness; the honourable Edward Waitfort was one of the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a cousin of his, that was my intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I was worth. Mr. Waitfort is a very agreeable man, and every body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see, that his esteem and love is all taken up, and by such an object as it is impossible to get the better of, I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within four or five months, and began to proceed with such an assured, easy air, that piqued my pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his first declaration with so much innocent surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, and he thought me the best-natured, silly poor thing on earth. When a man has such a notion of a woman, he loves her better

than he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him for designing on my fortune; and, finding it was in my power to make his heart-ache, I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained several other pretenders. The first impression of my undesigning innocence was so strong in his head, he attributed all my followers to the inevitable force of my charms; and, from several blushes and side glances, concluded himself the favourite; and when I used him like a dog for my diversion, he thought it was all prudence and fear, and pitied the violence I did my own inclinations to comply with my friends, when I married Sir Nicholas Fribble, of sixty years of age. You know, Sir, the case of Mrs. Medlar. I hope you would not have had me cry out my eyes for such a husband. I shed tears enough for my widowhood a week after my marriage, and when he was put in his grave, reckoning he had been two years dead, and myself a widow of that standing, I married, three weeks afterwards, John Sturdy, Esq., his next heir. I had indeed some thoughts of taking Mr. Waitfort, but I found he could stay, and besides he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again till my year was out; so, privately resolving him for my fourth, I took Mr. Sturdy for the present. Would you believe it, Sir, Mr. Sturdy was just five-and-twenty, about six feet high, and the stoutest fox-hunter in the country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old Fribble again; he was following his dogs all the day, and all the night keeping them up at table with him and his companions: however, I think myself obliged to them for leading him a chace in which he broke his neck. Mr. Waitfort began his addresses anew, and I verily believe I had married him now, but there was a young officer in the Guards, that had debauched two or three of my acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his courtship. Mr. Waitfort heard of it, and

read me such an insolent lecture upon the conduct of women, I married the officer that very day, out of pure spite to him. Half an hour after I was married I received a penitential letter from the Honourable Mr. Edward Waitfort, in which he begged pardon for his passion, as proceeding from the violence of his love: I triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of the pride of my heart, showing it to my new spouse; and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my mirth lasted a short time: my young husband was very much in debt when I married him, and his first action afterwards was to set up a gilt chariot and six, in fine trappings before and behind. I had married so hastily, I had not the prudence to reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready money was lost in two nights at the groom-porter's; and my diamond necklace, which was stole, I did not know how, I met in the street upon Jenny Wheadle's neck. My plate vanished piece by piece, and I had been reduced to downright pewter, if my officer had not been deliciously killed in a duel, by a fellow that had cheated him of five hundred pounds, and afterwards, at his own request, satisfied him and me too by running him through the body. Mr. Waitfort was still in love, and told me so again; and to prevent all fear of ill usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own hands. But now my acquaintance began to wish me joy of his constancy, my charms were declining; and I could not resist the delight I took in showing the young flirts about town, it was yet in my power to give pain to a man of sense: this, and some private hopes he would hang himself, and what a glory would it be for me, and how I should be envied, made me accept of being third wife to my Lord Friday. I proposed, from my rank and his estate, to live in all the joys of pride; but how was I mistaken? He was neither extravagant, nor ill-natured, nor debauched; I suffered, however, more

with him than with all my others. He was splenetic. I was forced to sit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ails: it was impossible to tell what would please him: what he liked when the sun shined made him sick when it rained: he had no distemper, but lived in constant fear of them all. My good genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Dr. Gruel: from that day he was always contented, because he had names for all his complaints: the good doctor furnished him with reasons for all his pains, and prescriptions for every fancy that troubled him: in hot weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers: when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a consumption. To shorten the history of this wretched part of my life, he ruined a good constitution by endeavouring to mend it, and took several medicines, which ended in taking the grand remedy, which cured both him and me of all our uneasinesses. After his death I did not expect to hear any more of Mr. Waitfort. I knew he had renounced me to all his friends, and been very witty upon my choice, which he affected to talk of with great indifferency; I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a pretty woman and a great fortune: it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the advice of my cousin Wishwell, that came to see me the day my lord went into the country with Russel; she told me experimentally, nothing put an unfaithful lover and a dear husband so soon out of one's head as a new one; and at the same time proposed to me a kinsman of hers. 'You understand enough of the world,' said she, 'to know money is the most valuable consideration: he is very rich, and I am sure cannot live long: he has a cough, that must carry him off soon.' I knew afterwards she had given the selfsame character of me to him; but however, I was so much persuaded by her, I hastened on the match, for fear he should

die before the time came. He had the same fears, and was so pressing I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr. Waitfort came to make me a visit. He told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that respect for me he would not interrupt me in the first day of my affliction for my dead lord; that as soon as he heard I was at liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a match very advantageous for his fortune, just upon the point of conclusion, and was forty times more in love with me than ever. I never received more pleasure in my life than from this declaration; but I composed my face to a grave air, and said, the news of his engagement had touched me to the heart; that, in a rash, jealous fit, I had married a man I could never have thought on if I had not lost all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. Waitfort had like to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an air as plainly showed me he laid all the blame upon himself, and hated those friends that had advised him to the fatal application. He seemed as much touched by my misfortune as his own, for he had not the least doubt I was still passionately in love with him. The truth of the story is, my new husband gave me reason to repent I had not staid for him: he had married me for my money, and I soon found he loved money to distraction: there was nothing he would not do to get it, nothing he would not suffer to preserve it: the smallest expense kept him awake whole nights; and when he paid a bill, it was with as many sighs, and after as many delays, as a man that endures the loss of a limb. I heard nothing but reproofs for extravagancy whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me but for losing my jointures; and he suffered agonies between the grief of seeing me have so good a stomach, and the fear that, if he

made me fast, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he would have broke my heart if I did not break his, which was allowable by the law of self-defence. This way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much money as I could; and, before he was aware of the stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand pound diamond necklace. He said nothing, but went quietly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a dose of opium. I behaved myself so well upon the occasion, that to this day I believe he died of an apoplexy. Mr. Waitfort was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two days. I am almost out of my weeds at this present writing, and very doubtful whether I'll marry him or no. I do not think of a seventh for the ridiculous reason you mention, but out of pure morality, that I think so much constancy should be rewarded; though I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable malice of mankind can give a pretence why I should have been constant to the memory of any of the deceased, or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant, splenetic, or covetous husband: my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other ladies you name would thus give in their husbands' pictures at length, you would see they have had as little reason as myself to lose their hours in weeping and wailing."

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
 Recte beatum; rectius occupat
 Nomen beati, qui deorum
 Muneribus sapienter uti,
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*

HOR. Od. ix, lib. iv, ver. 45,

Believe not those, that lands possess,
 And shining heaps of useless ore,
 The only lords of happiness;
 But rather those that know,
 For what kind fates bestow,
 And have the art to use the store:
 That have the generous skill to bear
 The hated weight of poverty.

CREECH.

I WAS once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about the great secret. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald; and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. "It gives a lustre," says he, "to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory." He farther added, that a single ray of it dissipates pains, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls; "in short," says he, "its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven." After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but content.

'This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure,

all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect to every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude, towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, A man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and, secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, A man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass: but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they

want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting; because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, "Luxury is artificial poverty," I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those, who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher, namely, "That no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who

are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife, that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: "Every one," says he, "has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose, in the life of Dr. Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there was never any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject: while others very gravely tell the man, who is miserable, that it is necessary he

ould be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again; "It is for that very reason," said the Emperor, "that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to a very miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay it shows him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world, and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

— *Nec morti esse locum* —

VIRG. Georg. iv. ver. 266.

No room is left for death.

DRYDEN.

A LEWD young fellow, seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition, if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit; "but what is thy condition if there is?" Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and tran-

sient: his second permanent, and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy; or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent thither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when

he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know, that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence: when I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning: especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which one of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed, in this case, so many thou-

sands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of these sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice.

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

*Nitor in adversum ; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus ; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.*

OVID. Met. lib. ii, ver. 72.

I steer against their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.

ADDISON.

I REMEMBER a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This run him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow, and was every now and then knocked down by a constable, to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one-and-twenty, and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five-and-twenty.

There is indeed nothing, which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniencies, as the desire of not appearing singular ; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In those cases we ought to consider, that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action ; and that we should be only so far sociable, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to ; and it is the nature of actions, not the number of

actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity, in concerns of this kind, is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments, or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance, as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases, there is a certain deference due to custom; and notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes a humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appe-

tites. In his conversation with country gentlemen, he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true : he never told any of them that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well wisher ; and would rather be thought a malecontent than drink the king's health when he was not adry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them, for the benefit of his lungs ; to which end he generally took them out of Homer ; the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a perriwig ; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood : for which reason, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into bedlam, and have begged his estate ; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*, "The ambitious and the covetous," says he, "are madmen to all intents and purposes, as much as

those who are shut up in dark rooms ; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side ; whereas the frenzy of one, who is given up for a lunatic, is a frenzy *hors d'œuvre* ;" that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude, C.

—*Eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster*—

OVID. Met. lib. xv, ver. 167.

—The unbodied spirit flies—
And lodges where it lights, in man or beast.

DRYDEN.

THERE has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose personal identity.

Mr. Locke, after having premised, that the word person properly signifies a thinking, intelligent being, that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself; concludes, that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which makes this personal identity of sameness. "Had I the same consciousness," says that author, "that I saw the ark and Noah's flood, as that I saw an overflowing of the Thames last winter, or as that I now write, I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the Thames overflow last winter, and that viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the same Self, place that Self in what substance you please, than that I who write this am the same Myself now while I write (whether I consist of all the same substance material or immaterial or no) that I was yesterday; for as to this point of being the same Self, it matters not whether this present Self be made up of the same or other substances."

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the Persian Tales, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. Phillips; and with an abridgment whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall only premise, that these stories are writ after the Eastern manner, but somewhat more correct.

“Fadlallah, a prince of great virtues, succeeded his father Bin-Ortoc, in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beauteous consort Queen Zemroude; when there appeared at his court a young Dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

“Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young Dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

“The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

“As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the Dervis entertained Fadlallah with an ac-

count of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, 'It was in this place,' says he, 'that I contracted an acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature; he died within my arms, and, with his parting breath, communicated to me one of the most valuable of his secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any man.' The king immediately reflecting on his young favourite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him, he presumed it was the power of making gold. 'No, Sir,' says the Dervis, 'it is something more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body by flinging my own soul into it.'

"While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the Dervis 'that a fair opportunity now offered for him to show his art.' The young man immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was reanimated; she came to the king, fawned upon him, and after having played several wanton tricks, fell again upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the Dervis recovered its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was sacred, to communicate it to him. The Dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying Brachman; but told him at last, that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; after having obliged him therefore by an oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He

had but little time to contemplate himself in this new being ; for the treacherous Dervis, shooting his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

“ The Dervis, now triumphant in his villany, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy Fadlallah.

“ The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his new acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in the realm. The king had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his pursuers by reanimating the body of a nightingale, which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace, where, perching on a tree that stood near his queen's apartment, he filled the whole place with so many melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see, that, instead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave who was with her. He continued, however, to serenade her every morning, till at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature into her possession. The king, pleased with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved consort, easily suffered himself to be taken ; and when he was presented to her, though he showed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen's bosom. Zemroude was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morn-

ing, by a thousand little actions which his shape allowed him: The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing the Dervis enter the apartment, and caress his queen even in his presence.

“ The usurper, amidst his toying with the princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her nightingale; and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and showed all the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

“ Zemroude was likewise fond of a little lap-dog, which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die.

“ The king immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the nightingale, and enliven this new body. He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion, and when she called to mind all its little actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss.

“ Her women immediately sent for the Dervis to come and comfort her, who after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints, ‘ Well, Madam,’ says he, ‘ I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before.’ The queen beheld him with a look which easily showed she did not believe him; when laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive.

“ The king, who was a spectator of all that passed,

lying under the shape of a lap-dog, in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

“Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, till the king entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

“The body of the Dervis, which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it: but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy (peculiar to the oriental ladies) she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the Dervis, that no arguments even from Fadlallah himself could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, begging his pardon with her last breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

“The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.”

— *Odora canum vis.*

VIRG. *Æn.* iv, ver. 132.

Sagacious hounds.

IN the reign of King Charles I, the company of stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable erratum or blunder in one of their editions; for instead of Thou shalt not commit adultery, they printed off several thousand copies with Thou shalt commit adultery. Archbishop Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the Star Chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers, in the first ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens, which punished this crime with death, and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though, by reason of some modern phrases and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount *Ætna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell (say the historians), that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master *Vulcan*; but flew at those that were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

“ These dogs were given to Vulcan by his sister Diana, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds, in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite to Venus, who, upon her return home, always found her husband in a good or bad humour, according to the reception which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple several years, but were such snappish curs, that they frightened away most of the votaries. The women of Sicily made a solemn deputation to the priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs; and at last compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above seven years old. It was wonderful,” says the author, “ to see how different the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little misses, from that which they had shown to their mothers. It is said, that a prince of Syracuse, having married a young lady, and being naturally of a jealous temper, made such an interest with the priests of this temple, that he procured a whelp from them of this famous breed. The young puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at first, insomuch that she solicited her husband to send him away; but the good man cut her short with the old Sicilian proverb, ‘ Love me, love my dog.’ From which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with him, and several, of very good reputation, refused to come to court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his sagacity; but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the dogs of the temple, after they had lived here in great repute

for several years, it so happened, that as one of the priests, who had been making a charitable visit to a widow, who lived on the promontory of Lilybæum, returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so much fury, that they would have worried him, if his brethren had not come in to his assistance; upon which, says my author, the dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original instinct."

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing that we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do justice, I should say honour, to the ladies of our country, and show the world the difference between Pagan women, and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.*

VIRG. Ecl. x, ver. 42.

Come see what pleasure in our plains abound,
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground;
Here I could live, and love, and die with only you.

DRYDEN.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum: Harpath, being the first born, was master of that fruitful region, which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of

mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty, contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said, that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches, for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath, and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, - though no one was thought so likely to

succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first address to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement; his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes that the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments, and plainness of manners, which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa one hundred and seventy.

“ I Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys.

“ In the 788th year of the Creation.

“ What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival! I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the tops of Mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God, every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.”

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian *billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it and the sequel of this story. L.

*Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes ; ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta* —

VIRG. Ecl. v, ver. 63.

The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice :
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

DRYDEN.

THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner : —

“ Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys, to Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah.

“ In the 780th year of the Creation.

“ What have I to do with thee, O Shalum ? Thou praisest Hilpa’s beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows ? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys than thou wouldst be with the sight of her person ? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah : are these like the riches of the valley ?

“ I know thee, O Shalum ; thou art more wise

and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy these goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous."

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tun of milk: but what most of all recommended it was, that variety of delicious fruits and pot herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower, which he had planted, amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of wood lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments, which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishful eye upon Mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him: and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased

these woods with so many herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume. L.

— *Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.*

CIC. de Div.

The things which employ men's waking thoughts and actions recur to their imaginations in sleep.

BY the last post I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reason I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment.

" SIR,

" It was a good piece of advice which Pythagoras gave to his scholars, that every night before they slept they should examine what they had been doing that day, and so discover what actions

were worthy of pursuit to-morrow, and what little vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a habit. If I might second the philosopher's advice, it should be mine, that in a morning, before my scholar arose, he should consider what he had been about that night, and with the same strictness, as if the condition he has believed himself to be in was real. Such a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable advantage, for this reason, because the circumstances which a man imagines himself in during sleep, are generally such as entirely favour his inclinations, good or bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so that his temper will lie fairly open to his view, while he considers how it is moved when freed from those constraints, which the accidents of real life put it under. Dreams are certainly the result of our waking thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears are what give the mind such nimble relishes of pleasure, and such severe touches of pain in its midnight rambles. A man that murders his enemy, or deserts his friend in a dream, had need to guard his temper against revenge and ingratitude, and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the pursuit of false, or the neglect of true honour. For my part, I seldom receive a benefit, but in a night or two's time I make most noble returns for it; which though my benefactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a principle of gratitude in me, that my mind was susceptible of such generous transport while I thought myself repaying the kindness of my friend: and I have often been ready to beg pardon, instead of returning an injury, after considering, that when the offender was in my power I had carried my resentments much too far.

“ I think it has been observed in the course of

your papers, how much one's happiness or misery may depend upon the imagination : of which truth those strange workings of fancy in sleep are no inconsiderable instances : so that not only the advantage a man has of making discoveries of himself, but a regard to his own ease or disquiet, may induce him to accept of my advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with pleasure, by observing only one maxim which I shall give them, *viz.*, To go to bed with a mind entirely free from passion, and a body clear of the least intemperance.

“ They indeed, who can sink into sleep with their thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into scenes of guilt and misery ; or they who are willing to purchase any midnight disquietudes for the satisfaction of a full meal, or a skinful of wine, these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite them to reflections full of shame and horror : but those that will observe this rule, I promise them they shall awake into health and cheerfulness, and be capable of recounting with delight those glorious moments, wherein the mind has been indulging itself in such luxury of thought, such noble hurry of imagination. Suppose a man's going supperless to bed should introduce him to the table of some great prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest marks of honour and plenty, and do so much business after, that he shall rise with as good a stomach to his breakfast as if he had fasted all night long ; or suppose he should see his dearest friends remain all night in great distresses, which he could instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to bed without the other bottle : believe me, these effects of fancy are no contemptible consequences of commanding or indulging one's appetite.

“I forbear recommending my advice upon many other accounts, till I hear how you and your readers relish what I have already said; among whom if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, there may be others, perhaps, who do little else all day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his sleep, it would be no dispute whether we passed so considerable a portion of our time in the condition of stocks and stones, or whether the soul were not perpetually at work upon the principle of thought. However, it is an honest endeavour of mine to persuade my countrymen to reap some advantage from so many unregarded hours, and as such you will encourage it.

“I shall conclude with giving you a sketch or two of my way of proceeding.

“If I have any business of consequence to do to-morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to-night but I am in the midst of it; and when awake I consider the whole procession of the affair, and get the advantage of the next day’s experience before the sun has risen upon it.

“There is scarce a great post but what I have some time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was master of a college pleases me so well, that whenever there is a province of that nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

“I have done many things that would not pass examination, when I have had the art of flying or being invisible; for which reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary qualities.

“Lastly, Mr. Spectator, I have been a great correspondent of yours, and have read many of my letters in your paper which I never wrote you. If you have a mind I should really be so, I have got a parcel of visions and other

miscellanies in my noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your paper with on proper occasions,

" I am, &c.

" Oxford, Aug. 20.

" JOHN SHADOW."

— *Intus, et in cute novi.*

PERS. Sat. iii, ver. 30.

I know thee to thy bottom : from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin.

DRYDEN.

THOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work of that ingenious gentleman who promised me in the last paper some extracts out of his noctuary.

" SIR,

" I was the other day reading the life of Mahomet. Among many other extravagancies, I find it recorded of that impostor, that in the fourth year of his age the angel Gabriel caught him up, while he was among his playfellows, and carrying him aside, cut open his breast, plucked out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood in which, say the Turkish divines, is contained the *fomes peccati*, so that he was free from sin ever after. I immediately said to myself, though this story be a fiction, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would every man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his heart whatever sins or ill qualities he finds in it.

" While my mind was wholly taken up with this contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing slumber, when methought two porters

entered my chamber, carrying a large chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the room, they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a shape like that in which we paint our angels appeared before me, and forbade me. 'Inclosed,' said he, 'are the hearts of several of your friends and acquaintance; but before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the failings of others, you must be pure yourself;' whereupon he drew out his incision knife, cut me open, took out my heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great confusion, to see how many things, which I had always cherished as virtues, issued out of my heart on this occasion. In short, after it had been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty bladder, when the phantom breathing a fresh particle of divine air into it, restored it safe to its former repository; and having sewed me up, we began to examine the chest.

"The hearts were all inclosed in transparent phials, and preserved in a liquor which looked like spirits of wine. The first, which I cast my eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the glass which contained it. It shot up and down with incredible swiftness through the liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the side of the phial. The fomes, or spot in the middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery colour, and seemed to be the cause of these violent agitations. 'That,' says my instructor, is 'the heart of Tom Dreadnought, who behaved himself well in the late wars, but has for these ten years last past been aiming at some post of honour to no purpose. He has lately retired into the country, where, quite choked up with spleen and choler, he rails at better men than himself, and will be for ever uneasy, because it is impossible he should think his merit sufficiently rewarded.' The next heart that I examined was remarkable for its

smallness; it lay still at the bottom of the phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The fomes was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole heart. ‘This,’ says my interpreter, ‘is the heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thirsted after any thing but money. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable state of melancholy and despair. He is a composition of envy and idleness, hates mankind, but gives them their revenge by being more uneasy to himself, than to any one else.’

“The phial I looked upon next contained a large fair heart, which beat very strongly. The fomes, or spot in it was exceeding small; but I could not help observing, that, which way soever I turned the phial, it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest point of light. ‘The heart you are examining,’ says my companion, ‘belongs to Will Worthy. He has indeed a most noble soul, and is possessed of a thousand good qualities. The speck which you discover is Vanity.’

“‘Here,’ says the angel, ‘is the heart of Freeloze, your intimate friend.’ ‘Freelove and I,’ said I, ‘are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the heart of a man, which I fear is overcast with rancour.’ My teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did so, and to my unspeakable surprise, found, that a small swelling spot, which I at first took to be ill-will towards me, was only passion, and that upon my nearer inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the phantom told me, Freelove was one of the best natured men alive.

“‘This,’ says my teacher, ‘is a female heart of your acquaintance.’ I found the fomes in it of the largest size, and of a hundred different colours, which were still varying every moment. Upon

my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed, that it was the heart of Coquetilla.

“ I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the fomes at first sight to be very small, but was amazed to find, that as I looked stedfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the heart of Melissa, a noted prude, who lives the next door to me.

“ ‘ I show you this,’ says the phantom, ‘ because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to know the person to whom it belongs.’ He then put into my hands a large crystal glass, that inclosed a heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm that it must be the heart of Seraphina, and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. ‘ She is indeed,’ continued my guide, ‘ the ornament as well as the envy of her sex;’ at these last words, he pointed to the hearts of several of her female acquaintance, which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them, all of a deep blue. ‘ You are not to wonder,’ says he, ‘ that you see no spot in an heart, whose innocence has been proof against all the corruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes.’

“ I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the fomes ran in several veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told that it represented Deceit.

“ I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me, I must let that alone till another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence, as immediately awoke me.”

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas.

CICERO de Nat. Deor.

You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded in weakness.

MAN may be considered in two views, as a reasonable, and a sociable being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action, self-love and benevolence; designed one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to represent human nature as they do, under characters of disadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Beneficence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and, whatever he pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that hopeful philosophy, which having patched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be some -

thing more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr. Hobbes instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule, "That from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself, and considers what he doth, when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c., and upon what grounds; he shall hereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions." Now we will allow Mr. Hobbes to know best how he was inclined: but in earnest, I should be heartily out of conceit with myself, if I thought myself of this unamiable temper, as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man, and, however checked and overtopped by counter-inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best. And methinks it is a fair step towards the proof of this, that the most beneficent of all beings is He, who hath an absolute fulness of perfection in himself, who gave existence to the universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which he communicated, without diminishing from the plenitude of his own power and happiness. The philosophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for, placing the gods in a state of the most elevated blessedness, they describe them as selfish as we poor miserable mortals can be, and shut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the score of their having no need of us. But if he that sitteth

in the heavens wants not us, we stand in continual need of him; and surely next to the survey of the immense treasures of his own mind, the most exalted pleasure he receives is from beholding millions of creatures lately drawn out of the gulf of non-existence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity; so, in forming a reasonable creature, he would not, if possible, suffer his image to pass out of his hands unadorned with a resemblance of himself in this most lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whose love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work so unlike himself; a creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast circle of objects, and love none but himself? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of such a creature, its affections, and its understanding? Or could a society of such creatures, with no other bottom but self-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flourish? Reason, it is certain, would oblige every man to pursue the general happiness, as the means to procure and establish his own; and yet if, besides this consideration, there were not a natural instinct, prompting men to desire the welfare and satisfaction of others, self-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reason, would quickly run all things into a state of war and confusion. As nearly interested as the soul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant returns of hunger and thirst, those importunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge: knowing, that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted speculation should put us upon these exercises, and then leave it to reason to prescribe the quantity, we should soon refine ourselves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is ob-

vious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unless carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reason, and, like a bias, draw the mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual intercourse of benefits amongst mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepossession of benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impossibility? Is it inconsistent with self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illustration of self-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of self-love abated, or its interest prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed.

But to descend from reason to matter of fact; the pity which arises on sight of persons in distress, and the satisfaction of mind which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liability to the same ill accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is assigning an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, because children, and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of futurity, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and

the kindness of importance, really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a consciousness of a man's having done something praiseworthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas, if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the most shining appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleasure; nor could the commendations which a person receives for benefits done upon selfish views be at all more satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without design; because in both cases the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving one's self a benefactor to mankind is the noblest recompense for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage; notwithstanding which, the inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The pleasure, which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst, is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference, that, being seated in the intellectual part, this last, though antecedent to reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a virtue than as it is so.

Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of, and after all the evidence produced, think I have a right to conclude against the motto of this paper, that there is such a thing as generosity in the world. Though if I were under a mistake in this, I should say, as Cicero in relation to the immortality of the soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the interest of mankind to lie under the same delusion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to dispirit the mind, and sinks it into a meanness fatal to the godlike zeal of doing good: as, on the other

hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by possessing them with a persuasion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes gratitude from among men, by so doing stops up the stream of beneficence; for though in conferring kindnesses, a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the person obliged; and as nothing renders a person more unworthy of a benefit, than his being without all remembrance of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige such a man.

*Absentem qui rodit amicum,
 Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
 Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,
 Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
 Qui nequit, hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

HOR. Sat. iv, lib i, ver. 81.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
 Or hears them scandaliz'd and not defends;
 Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
 And only to be thought a witty man:
 Tells tales, and brings his friend in disesteem;
 That man's a knave; be sure beware of him.

CREECH.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; though, at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves es-

teemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false-reports, he ought to consider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man, who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently

the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of Thales, "Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the ears are from the eyes." By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book.

The fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

Mens sine pondere ludit.

PETR.

The mind unincumber'd plays.

SINCE I received my friend Shadow's letter, several of my correspondents have been pleased to send me an account how they have been employed in sleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonshine in the brain. I shall lay before my readers an abridgment of some few of their extravagancies, in hopes that they will in time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the purpose.

One, who styles himself Gladio, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconstancy, and does not use him with half the kindness which the sincerity of his passion may demand; the said Gladio having by valour and stratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monsters, knights, &c. without

number, and exposed himself to all manner of dangers for her sake and safety. He desires in his postscript to know, whether from a constant success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her esteem at last.

Another, who is very prolix in his narrative, writes me word, that having sent a venture beyond sea, he took occasion one night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gust of wind, that forced open his casement, blew him over to his native country again, where awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left side in order to a second voyage; but ere he could get on shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if somebody stepping hastily into his chamber, had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr. Shadow's advice, who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as nature is.

The next is a public spirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the 2d of September, at night, the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes again by this time, if he had not flown over it with the New River on his back, and happily extinguished the flame before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the lord mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A letter dated September 9, acquaints me, that the writer being resolved to try his fortune, had fasted all that day, and that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at night, procured a handsome slice of bridecake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his me-

mory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake ; which being found upon search reduced to a few crumbs, he is resolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from several delicious dreamers, desiring me to invent some method of silencing those noisy slaves whose occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of mischief, and working strange confusion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me, how often they have been shook from their respective thrones by the rattling of a coach, or the rumbling of a wheelbarrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vast estates by fellows not worth threepence. A fair lady was just upon the point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker passing by forbid the banns ; and an hopeful youth, who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobbler to resign all for an old song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of marriages, and spoiling of fortunes, impoverishing rich, and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midst of their conquests, and generals in the course of their victories. A boisterous peripatetic hardly goes through a street without waking half a dozen kings and princes to open their shops or clean shoes, frequently transforming sceptres into paring shovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young statesman, who in five or six hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the Great Turk, routed him horse and foot, and was crowned lord of the universe in Constantinople : the conclusion of all his successes

is, that, on the 12th instant, about seven in the morning, his imperial majesty was deposed by a chimney sweeper.

On the other hand, I have epistolary testimonies of gratitude from many miserable people, who owe to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A smallcoal-man, by waking one of these distressed gentlemen, saved him from ten years' imprisonment. An honest watchman bidding a loud good-morrow to another freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy, that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder wench with a word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen, who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures, that do not happen while the sun is on this side of the horizon. For which reason I stifle Fritilla's dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, till after a strange run of ill luck

she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off, discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone; which last proved only a bottle of spirits which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my oneirocritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagancies, whether in sleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordinancy to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem; flebat contrarius alter?*

JUV. Sat. x, ver. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued by several ways?
One pitied, one contemn'd the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.

DRYDEN.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable,

while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons, and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty, whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; while they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account, which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing, that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue. For which reason a renowned statesman, in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, "Be serious."

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and bridewells in Europe,

We have a very particular description of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary: inso-much, that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion, have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these parties: since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκώς.

ANTONIN. lib. ix.

Man is naturally beneficent.

THE following essay comes from a hand which has entertained my readers once before.

“Notwithstanding a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind: because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearances so far advanced above the grovelling multitude as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same, moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice, as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive; its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation: and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality restrained in its operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propension of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

“The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its properties, even by the Almighty mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take it as he found it. This notion, as most others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That

matter is eternal, that from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves, by constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that composes them is tenacious as birdlime, and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unless to grasp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices, as it is to these men to perform them; that whereas persons naturally beneficent often mistake instinct for virtue, by reason of the difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them, and when the other, men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that ease and frankness which are necessary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the opposition they surmount in doing it. The strength of their virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature, and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty, they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience, which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible than of some distempers that descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to

the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting: for there is this difference between mental habits and such as have their foundation in the body; that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits, in general, require longer time for their settlement than bad: and yet are sooner displaced; the reason is, that vicious habits (as drunkenness for instance) produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

“ Another thing which suspends the operations of benevolence is the love of the world; proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient in the happiness of life. Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more partners there are, the less must fall to every man's private share. The consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an interest that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are those eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's success becomes another's disappointment; and, like pretenders to the same mistress, they can seldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out, but it is natural for a man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own in-

terest first. If that which men esteem their happiness were, like the light, the same sufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thousand enjoy the benefit of it, or but one, we should see men's good-will, and kind endeavours, would be as universal.

*Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.*

To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains.

“ But unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn therefore, like a wise man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burdensome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your enemies, and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep than satisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind: it grows by communication, and so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together cast a more extensive brightness, but each single light burns with a stronger flame. And, lastly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the greatest pleasure it can put into your power is that of doing good. It is worth considering, that the organs of sense act within a narrow compass, and the appetites will soon say they have enough: which of the two therefore is the happier man: he, who, confining all his regard to the gratification of his own

appetites, is capable but of short fits of pleasure : or the man, who, reckoning himself a sharer in the satisfaction of others, especially those which come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of his happiness ?

“ The last enemy to benevolence I shall mention is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty, or a discontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious ; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and friendship, you will not find it till you come to the region of the blessed, where happiness, like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and untainted by the motion. It is old advice if you have a favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of address, when the soul, in a flush of good humour, takes a pleasure to show itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own integrity, satisfied with themselves and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, survey all about them with a flow of good will. As trees, which like their soil, they shoot out in expressions of kindness, and bend beneath their own precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now, if the mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible sign that it is not in its natural state : place the mind in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propension to beneficence.”

*Sic, cum transierint mei
 Nullo cum strepitu dies,
 Plebcus moriar senex.
 Illi mors gravis incubat,
 Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
 Ignotus moritur sibi.*

SENECA.

Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,
 Unheeded, silently are past,
 Calmly I shall resign my breath,
 In life unknown, forgot in death;
 While he, o'ertaken unprepared,
 Finds death an evil to be fear'd,
 Who dies, to others too much known,
 A stranger to himself alone.

I HAVE often wondered that the Jews should contrive such worthless greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imagination as making havoc amongst his creatures, and acting with the poor ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur, wherein the Jews made the glory of their Messiah to consist!

"Nothing," says Longinus, "can be great, the contempt of which is great." The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of

mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose, that there are spirits of angels who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us from those which we are apt to form of one another! Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that, which any of our own species would draw up!

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories: they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and bypaths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious, in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation on God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those, who are most obscure among their own species, are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure

that every person will make at that time when wisdom shall be justified of her children, and nothing pass for great or illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle being asked by Gyges, "who was the happiest man?" replied "Aglaus." Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Aglaus should be. After much inquiry he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

"Thus Aglaus (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then, without a name,
Aglaus, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, replied,
Aglaus happier is. But Gyges cried,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaus be?
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around,
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty general, that hath done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he:
None, none of these.—Who can this Aglaus be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale, at last
(Th' Arcadian life has always shadow been),
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen),

This Aglaus, who monarch's envy drew,
 Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
 This mighty Aglaus was lab'ring found,
 With his own hands, in his own little ground.

"So, gracious God (if it may lawful be,
 Among those foolish gods to mention thee),
 So let me act, on such a private stage,
 The last, dull scenes of my declining age;
 After long toils and voyages in vain,
 This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain;
 Of heav'nly rest, this earnest to me lend,
 Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end."

*Perfide! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hircanæque admorunt ubera tigres.*

VIRG. ÆN. iv, ver. 366.

Thou wretch! thy sire was Caucasus's hard rock,
 And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.

I AM willing to postpone every thing to do any the least service for the deserving and unfortunate. Accordingly, I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I flatter myself you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reprov'd persons guilty of the like mismanagement. I was scarce sixteen, and, I may say, without vanity, handsome, when courted by a false, perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he

had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see nor hear from me: and had it not been for a servant, who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable condition. A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the change of my condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much honour and compassion as to let those persons know, in some of your papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my husband's leave and approbation. I am obliged, through the importunities of several of my relations, to go abroad oftener than suits my temper. Then it is I labour under insupportable agonies. That man, or rather monster, haunts every place I go to. Base villain! by reason I will not admit his nauseous, wicked visits and appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of friend or money, nor ever thought me worth inquiring after, till he unfortunately happened to see me in a front box, sparkling with jewels. Then his passion returned. Then the hypocrite pretended to be a penitent. Then he practised all those arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious passion; and, as he plainly perceives it, either out of spite or diversion, he makes it his business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all public company, where he is always most industriously spiteful. He hath, in short, told all his acquaintance of our unhappy affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no secret among his companions, which are numerous.

They, to whom he tells it, think they have a title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good manners return it, then I am pestered with freedoms that are no ways agreeable to myself or company. If I turn my eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sour upon it, and whisper the next person; he his next, till I have at last the eyes of the whole company upon me. Nay, they report abominable falsehoods, under that mistaken notion, She that will grant favours to one man will to a hundred. I beg you will let those who are guilty know, how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will know himself the person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the insolence of others. Cursed is the fate of unhappy women! that men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with shame and horror! You have the art of making such odious customs appear detestable. For my sake, and, I am sure, for the sake of several others, who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the same misfortunes, make it as infamous for a man to boast of favours, or expose our sex, as it is to take the lie or a box on the ear and not resent it.

“ Your constant reader,

“ and admirer,

“ LESBIA.”

“ *P. S.* I am the more impatient under this misfortune, having received fresh provocation, last Wednesday, in the Abbey.”

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate Lesbia, that an insult upon a woman in her circumstances is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lie or a buffet is given; which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation:—

It is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear representing an affront, the resenting of which would lead

a man into danger ; it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature, that hath not power to avenge itself. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it the appellation of coward.

A man, that can so far descend from his dignity, as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex, because no provocation is thought strong enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows, that a husband, a brother, a generous friend would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentment sink and vanish away, when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a creature that was once dear to him undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, who (forgetting the favours he solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure ? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imbecilities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about ; and we well know those who follow his example will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty ; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts ; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to show what

violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion, when soured into hatred, and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago, an English gentleman, who, in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid, had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there. He told her the truth without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost: upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: "Stranger, thou art in my power; I am a murderer as thou art. Know then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A base, perjured man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but, not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor's heart." At these words she tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

*Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Ercutit, effunditque solo — VIRG. ÆN. xii, ver. 529.*

Murranus, boasting of his blood that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone. DRYDEN.

IT is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of

gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their ancestors, only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Were the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together under the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose therefore a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as Virgil makes Æneas look over his descendants, see the whole line of his progenitors pass in a review before his eyes, with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years! How would his heart sink or flutter at the several sports of fortune in a scene so diversified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, ensigns of dignity and

emblems of disgrace ; and how would his fears and apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure !

“ In most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register ; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again ; not unlike the old Ap-pian way, which, after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

“ I lately made a visit to an old country gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of family madness. I found him in his study, perusing an old register of his family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the form of a tree, upon a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have some of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eye over the boughs of this venerable plant ; and asked my advice in the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

“ We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who I perceived made my kinsman’s heart go pit-a-pat. His confusion increased when he found the alderman’s father to be a grazier ; but he recovered his fright upon seeing justice of the quorum at the end of his titles. Things went on pretty well, as we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when unfortunately he perceived a merchant-tailor perched on a bough, who was said greatly to have increased

the estate : he was just agoing to cut him off, if he had not seen Gent. after the name of his son, who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of Queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy ; as was likewise a yeoman, who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood, who was beheaded for high treason ; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors, who was hanged for stealing sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight ; but, unfortunately for us, this branch proved barren : on the other hand, Margery the milk-maid, being twined round a bough, it flourished out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me under this disgrace he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which he told me he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welsh heiress, with so many *aps* upon it, that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers ; this was branched out into yeomen, and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was knighted for his good service to the crown in bringing up an address. Several of the names that seemed to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered ; as, on the contrary, no small number appearing without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added Esq. at the end of each of them.

“ This tree, so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within a few days, transplanted into a large

sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait till his worship is ready to go to church; wondering, that a man, who had so many fathers before him, should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace."

Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

MART. Epig. x, lib. 1.

A pretty fellow is but half a man.

CICERO hath observed, that a jest is never uttered with a better grace than when it is accompanied with a serious countenance. When a pleasant thought plays in the features before it discovers itself in words, it raises too great an expectation, and loses the advantage of giving surprise. Wit and humour are no less poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never more strong than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strikes us by the force of its natural beauty; and the mirth of it is generally rather palled than heightened by that ridiculous phraseology, which is so much in fashion among the pretenders to humour and pleasantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks: they make a man a wit by putting him in a fantastic habit.

Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in those pert phrases, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately saw an instance of this kind of writing, which gave me so lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the

gentleman who showed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

“ DEAR JACK,

*“ Past two o'clock, and
a frosty morning.*

“ I have just left the right worshipful and his myrmidons about a sneaker of five gallons. The whole magistracy was pretty well disguised before I gave them the slip. Our friend the alderman was half seas over before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other bright fellows. The doctor plays least in sight.

“ At nine o'clock in the evening we set fire to the whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipped the young dog with a tester apiece. Honest old Brown of England was very drunk, and showed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the king's health on their marrow-bones, in mother Day's double. They whipped us half a dozen hogsheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demolished with the end of a skyrocket, that fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking the king's health, and spoiled his tip. The mob was very loyal till about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have dumbfounded the justice; but his clerk came in to his assistance, and took them all down in black and white.

“ When I had been huzza'd out of my seven senses, I made a visit to the women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress clipped the king's English. Clack was the word.

“ I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the possé had his hat cocked with a distich: the senators sent us down a cargo of ribband and metre for the occasion.

“ Sir Richard, to show his zeal for the Protestant

religion, is at the expense of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the knight's great hall, and saw a very pretty bevy of spinsters. My dear relict was amongst them, and ambled in a country dance as notably as the best of them.

"May all his majesty's liege subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu."

*Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat; reparabilis adsonat echo.*

PERS. Sat. i, ver. 104.

Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blast inspir'd: and Bassaris, who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around:
Evion from woods and floods repairing echoes sound.

DRYDEN.

THERE are two extremes in the style of humour; one of which consists in the use of that little pert phraseology, which I took notice of in my last paper; the other in the affectation of strained and pompous expressions, fetched from the learned languages. The first savours too much of the town; the other of the college.

As nothing illustrates better than example, I shall here present my reader with a letter of pedantic humour, which was written by a young gentleman of the university to his friend, on the same occasion, and from the same place, as the lively epistle published in my last Spectator.

"DEAR CHUM,

"It is now the third watch of the night, the greatest part of which I have spent round a capacious bowl

of china, filled with the choicest products of both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically opposite to the macebearer. The visage of that venerable herald was, according to custom, most gloriously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The mayor and aldermen, those pillars of our constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the board could have so far articulated, as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

“The celebration of this night’s solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who, with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of marrow-bone and cleaver, whilst a chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid of stack faggots cheered the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze: the guns had no sooner uttered the prologue but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors, and stars of our own making; and all the high street lighted up from one end to another with a galaxy of candles. We collected a largess for the multitude, who tippled eleemosynary till they grew exceeding vociferous. There was a pasteboard pontiff, with a little swarthy demon at his elbow, who, by his diabolical whispers and insinuations, tempted his holiness into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mobile were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple headpiece. Tom Tyler’s phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the gnomon of his countenance. The mirth of the commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the quorum, who, by the help of his amanuensis, took down all their names and their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter sessions, &c. &c. &c.”

Fallentis semita vitæ.

HOR. Ep. xviii, lib. i, ver. 103.

—A safe private quiet, which betrays
Itself to ease, and cheats away the days.

POOLY.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ IN a former speculation you have observed, that true greatness doth not consist in that pomp and noise wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken notice, that virtue in obscurity often appears more illustrious in the eye of superior beings than all that passes for grandeur and magnificence among men.

“ When we look back upon the history of those who have borne the parts of kings, statesmen, or commanders, they appear to us stripped of those outside ornaments that dazzled their contemporaries; and we regard their persons as great or little, in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise sayings, generous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of a philosopher, under mean circumstances of life, set him higher in our esteem than the mighty potentates of the earth, when we view them both through the long prospect of many ages. Were the memoirs of an obscure man, who lived up to the dignity of his nature, and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a character which might not set him on a level with men of the highest stations. The following extract out of the private papers of an honest country gentleman will set this matter in a clear light. Your reader will perhaps conceive a greater idea of him, from these actions done in secret, and without a witness, than of those which have drawn upon them the admiration of multitudes.

“ MEMOIRS.

“ IN my 22^d year I found a violent affection for my cousin Charles’s wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that account begun my travels into foreign countries.

“ A little after my return to England, at a private meeting with my uncle Francis, I refused the offer of his estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his son Ned.

“ *Mem.* Never to tell this to Ned, lest he should think hardly of his deceased father; though he continues to speak ill of me for this very reason.

“ Prevented a scandalous law-suit betwixt my nephew Harry and his mother, by allowing her underhand, out of my own pocket, so much money yearly as the dispute was about.

“ Procured a benefice for a young divine, who is sister’s son to the good man who was my tutor, and hath been dead twenty years.

“ Gave ten pounds to poor Mrs —, my friend H—’s widow.

“ *Mem.* To retrench one dish at my table, till I have fetched it up again.

“ *Mem.* To repair my house and finish my gardens, in order to employ poor people after harvest-time.

“ Ordered John to let out Goodman D—’s sheep, that were pounded, by night: but not to let his fellow-servants know it.

“ Prevailed upon M. T. Esq. not to take the law of the farmer’s son for shooting a partridge, and to give him his gun again.

“ Paid the apothecary for curing an old woman that confessed herself a witch.

“ Gave away my favourite dog for biting a beggar.

“ Made the minister of the parish and a whig justice of one mind, by putting them to explain their notions to one another.

“*Mem.* To turn off Peter for shooting a doe while she was eating acorns out of his hands.

“When my neighbour John, who hath often injured me, comes to make his requests to-morrow:—

“*Mem.* I have forgiven him.

“Laid up my chariot, and sold my horses, to relieve the poor in a scarcity of corn.

“In the same year remitted to my tenants a fifth part of their rents.

“As I was airing to day, I fell into a thought that warmed my heart, and shall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

“*Mem.* To charge my son in private, to erect no monument for me; but not to put this in my last will.”

*Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore;
Quisquis luxuria—*

HOR. Sat. iii, lib. ii, ver. 77.

Sit still, and hear those whom proud thoughts do swell,
Those that look pale by loving coin too well;
Whom luxury corrupts.

CREECH.

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means, as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called, by Dr. Tillotson, “fools at large.” They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be

but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue, but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, "that labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust."

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall therefore compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engage men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men, in their cool reasonings, are willing to allow, that a course of virtue will, in the end, be rewarded the most amply; but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If, therefore, it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be persuaded to be good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, For avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint: the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being overreached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects; they would make so many different Christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of St. Paul's catalogue of sufferings. "In journeying often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often."—At how much less expense might he lay up to himself treasures in heaven? Or, if I may, in this place, be

allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, "he may provide such possessions, as fear neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himself."

In the second place, If we look upon the toils of ambition, in the same light as we have considered those of avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory, than the power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember Cardinal Woolsey's complaint. "Had I served God with the same application, wherewith I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age." The cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of serving his king; whereas his words, in the proper construction, imply, that if, instead of being acted by ambition, he had been acted by religion, he should now have felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, Let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange, at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight; under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part, between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this. Man is made an active

being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience, and excite his industry. The same, if not greater, labour is required in the service of vice and folly as of virtue and wisdom: and he hath this easy choice left him, whether with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*

OVID. Met. lib. iv, ver. 234.

With sweet novelty your taste I'll please.

EUSDEN.

I HAVE seen a little work, of a learned man, consisting of extemporary speculations, which owed their birth to the most trifling occurrences of life. His usual method was, to write down any sudden start of thought which arose in his mind upon the sight of any odd gesticulation in a man, any whimsical mimicry of reason in a beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any object of the visible creation. He was able to moralize upon a snuff-box, would flourish eloquently upon a tucker or a pair of ruffles, and draw practical inferences from a full-bottomed perriwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of excuse for my ingenious correspondent, who hath introduced the following letter by an image which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a speculation.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“When I have seen young puss playing her wanton gambols, and, with a thousand antic shapes, express her own gait, at the same time that she moved mine, while the old grannum hath sat by with a most exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that passed; it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion

of humours so opposite in two creatures between whom there was no visible difference but that of age: and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but the force of novelty.

“In every species of creatures, those who have been least time in the world appear best pleased with their condition: for, besides that to a new-comer the world hath a freshness on it that strikes the sense after a most agreeable manner, being itself, unattended with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a sensation of pleasure. But as age advances, every thing seems to wither, the senses are disgusted with their old entertainments, and existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in mankind: the child, let him be free from pain, and gratified in his change of toys, is diverted with the smallest trifle. Nothing disturbs the mirth of the boy, but a little punishment or confinement. The youth must have more violent pleasures to employ his time: the man loves the hurry of an active life, devoted to the pursuits of wealth or ambition; and, lastly, old age, having lost its capacity for these avocations, becomes its own insupportable burden. This variety may in part be accounted for by the vivacity and decay of the faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, that the longer we have been in possession of being, the less sensible is the gust we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious amusements to relieve us from the satiety and weariness it brings along with it.

“And as novelty is of a very powerful, so of a most extensive influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the source of admiration, which lessens in proportion to our familiarity with objects, and upon a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other passions depend considerably on the same circumstance. What is it but

novelty that awakens desire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes envy, inspires horror. To this cause we must ascribe it, that love languishes with fruition, and friendship itself is recommended by intervals of absence; hence monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the most enchanting beauty without rapture. That emotion of the spirits, in which passion consists, is usually the effect of surprise, and, as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceases (and it ceases with the novelty) things appear in another light, and affect us even less than might be expected from their proper energy, for having moved us too much before.

“It may not be an useless inquiry, how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible, that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for, after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain, a man hath his prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh searches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour to these glorified spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsic value.

After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe, which Adam felt himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it: in all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can, with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous displays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

“Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice, that, which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much the greatness of objects as their novelty. It is not enough that there is field and game for the chace, and that the understanding is prompted with a restless thirst of knowledge, effectually to rouse the soul, sunk into a state of sloth and indolence; it is also necessary that there be an uncommon pleasure annexed to the first appearance of truth in the mind. This pleasure being exquisite for the time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass that the mind grows into an indifference to its former notions, and passes on after new discoveries, in hope of repeating the delight. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the pleasure of which lies more in

making endless additions, than in taking a review of our old store. There are some inconveniences that follow this temper, if not guarded against, particularly this, that through a too great eagerness of something new, we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a question that requires some time to resolve it; or, which is worse, persuade ourselves that we are masters of the subject before we are so, only to be at the liberty of going upon a fresh scent; in Mr. Locke's words, 'We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion.'

"A farther advantage of our inclination for novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above thee. Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor: to him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things: they supply him not with brighter images, or more sublime satisfactions, than the plain man may have, whose small estate may just enable him to support the charge of a simple or unencumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not; as how can it be otherwise, when by custom, a fabric infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

"To add no more, is not this fondness for novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already

have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for: for there cannot be a greater instance of vanity, than that to which man is liable, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness. His pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought; when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country; continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of; 'Surely,' say I to myself, 'life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather he is designed for immortality.'"

Select Papers

FROM THE

G U A R D I A N .

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Select Papers

FROM THE

G U A R D I A N.

Friday, March 13.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking is to explain who I am myself, that promise to give the town a daily half sheet; I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Branford, in the county of Middlesex: my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of an humour to think that a great happiness even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for, during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Joseph Pullen, of our hall above mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy,

to my constant morning walks up Hedington hill in his cheerful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr. Lizard of Northamptonshire. He was sent for, a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard Hall on the Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married by order of his father, Sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambrose himself, and finding, upon proof of her, that he had lighted-upon a good wife, he gave the curate, who joined their hands, the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough. My friend was married in the year 62, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln), and sojourned at Sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopped of a sudden, observing he did not attend. "Lay by your book," says he, "and let us take a turn in the grass walk, for I have something to say to you." After a silence for above forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, Sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: "My good friend," said he, "you may have observed, that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers at University college, I ever after sought and courted you: that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of manners, if I may so say, when I tell

you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares, which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you; and, when I do so, I would make it, in plain English, worth your while." He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as he went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith in London, of two thousand pounds, and told me with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family, to educate his son, and do all that should ever lie in my power for the service of him and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts, and instructions, as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship; but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time, or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I should never enter into any alliance, which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was in general to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business,

who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the numerous descendants of my old friend, will make, possibly, a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year; about which time she lost her husband, Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity: he left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money, as a portion to each younger child. My lady's Christian name is Aspasia, and as it may

give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of: when she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of a great understanding, and noble spirit. She has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she hath both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family are practised by my Lady Lizard with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests, and diversions, shall be represented from time to time as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard,

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ.

HER,

The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.

I HAVE in my second paper mentioned the fa-

mily, into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have indeed had their deserved effect; and if it were possible for a man, who has never entered into the state of marriage, to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and from custom and opinion for less offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, That old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation: I choose indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness, which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate

the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow, from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones: the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, so much forsooth above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than my brother to me; of a husband, that was dearer than life to her: discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the dispatch of some necessary business, which regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady; which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her only (with respect to this) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her: whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marmaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days: in this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship and the grateful persecution of being fol-

lowed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great economist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskilfully in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but 'tis possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to great circumstances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence, which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation, but small fortune; at the same time that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must give way to passion, so that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more

than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can seem blind, and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule; and, in a word, is selfish and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl?

Mrs. Cornelia passes away her time very much in reading, and that with so great an attention, that gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her as she is a fine young woman; the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will allow that she affects so much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity, and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, "It is a crystaline." I shall examine farther, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my Lord Such-a-one's leading my Lady Such-a-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted all of a sudden with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, "Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?" I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. Ironside, because I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good nature and generosity : she is the perfect picture of her grandfather, and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead), but I cannot resist the partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather ; how often have I turned from her to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me ! I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage ; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my Lady Lizard, who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The knight is willing (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver should take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Righburt, of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady ; she showed it me this morning.

"MADAM,

"I have heard your daughters very well spoken of; and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very rife at London, I will send my eldest son to see them, provided that by your Ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll, which I send herewith, your Ladyship assure me he shall have one of them, for I don't think to have my son refused by any woman: and so, Madam, I conclude,

"Your most humble Servant,

"HENRY PANDOLF."

——— *Huc propius me,*

Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.

HOR.

Attend my lecture, whilst I plainly show,
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the sharpness of it; and an address in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never so gross: but of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues you do it for his sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light: the author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

"SIR,

"As you profess to encourage all those who any

way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim is to remove phrenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow creatures for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

“ I have, for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe ; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work is the use of my *obsequium catholicum*, or the grand elixir, to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouse, as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust, so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain, and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

“ Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

“ I could, as farther instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand universal restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

“ Cures in the month of February, 1713.

“ George Spondee, Esq. poet and inmate of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my *obsequium*, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in it at proper intervals, the words, Ill taste of the town, Envy of critics, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

“ A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of the praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

“ Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the reprimand of an old maid reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furlled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

“ Andrew Terror, of the Middle Temple, Mollahock, was almost induced by an aged bencher of the same house to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster Hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction: I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

" I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons, of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil; which, applied at the ear, seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chambermaids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic: it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

" But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of,

" Sir,

" Your most obedient, most faithful, most devoted,
" most humble servant and admirer,

" GNATHO.

" * * Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

" N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune hunters, to be paid at

the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

"I was the first inventor of pocket looking glasses."

*Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere satius esse credo quam metu.*

TER.

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is

now four and twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his playfellows or friends.

His thoughts and present applications are to get into a court life, for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women; he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I don't know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts. For you see it only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it by his manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is with all his ac-

quaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed, by each opposite in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship, to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently confer a greater measure of their good will upon the interposer. I must repeat, that above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what particularly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their

success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and inexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his first appearance, when it is not well even from the sergeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with an hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen last election fellow of All Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain cheerfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himself to the service of his Creator; and, with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen with

a regard to the interest of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to achieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world is, that his invention, his memory, judgment, and imagination, are always employed upon this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future precautions to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

Minimumque tibi sine peccant.

JUV.

Lust is the smallest sin they own.

DRYDEN.

IF it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say, that the time we now are in is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well bred, told his congregation at White Hall, that, if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place, which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman: I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of

pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if therefore I should call my present precaution a criticism upon fornication; and by representing the unjust taste they have, who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay down for a rule, that he, who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight by pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stews, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight; but, if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex, who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should, methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake, who, without sense of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases; but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit, to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it? When it is thoroughly considered, he gives up his very being as a man of integrity, who commences gallant. Let him or her, who is guilty this way, but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find, that those whom they most esteemed are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions; nay, their good

qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection: in like manner, the sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burden of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that, for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility, in this case, to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world: the gay figures in which poetical men of loose morals have placed this kind of stealth are but feeble consolations, when a man is inclined to soliloquy or meditation upon his past life; flashes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Disease, sickness, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to: it is therefore ridiculous and mad to pursue, instead of shunning, what must add to our anguish under disease, sickness, or misfortune. It is possible there may be those whose bloods are too warm to admit of these compunctions: if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them: but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be assured, that whoever wholly give themselves up to lust, will soon find it the least fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praiseworthy, when it interrupts them,

will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who, from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course, which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story :—

“ Our knight,” says he, “ was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him, when he spoke of him, but the rascal, or to him, but sirrah. One morning when he was dressing, ‘ Sirrah,’ says he, ‘ be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench.’ The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother’s extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the entreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child’s consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it; ‘ but child,’ says she, ‘ can you see your mother die for hunger?’ The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master’s lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the

evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity, crying out, 'She is as handsome as an angel' (for there is no other simile on these occasions), 'but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid and a gentlewoman.' With that he conducted his master to the room where she was and retired. The knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprise, 'Don't you know, young woman, why you were brought hither?' The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of sighs and tears said to him, 'I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my mother, to get bread for myself and her, has sent me to do what you pleased: but would it would please heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!' With this reflection she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight, stepping back from her, said, 'I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will.'

"The novelty of the accident surprised him into virtue; and, covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid? The mother assured him, that, when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. 'Are not you then,' replied the knight, 'a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?' She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. 'Far be it,' said the gentleman, 'that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?' The mother answered, 'There is an honest man in our neighborhood that

loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds.' The knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride clothes, and fifty more as an help to the mother."

I appeal to all the gallants in town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure, as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

As all men that are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season. For my part, I don't care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good consequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock Hospital in Kent Street, Southwark, for men, that in Kingsland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport; and as we are men of honour (for I must not speak as we are Christians), let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

— *Dicenda tacendaque calles?*

PERS.

— Dost thou, so young,

Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?

DRYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the same time so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wildfowl, that, according to the opinion of some natural philosophers, they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbands were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for, having acci-

dentally burnt her fingers, as she was lighting the lamp for her teapot, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occasions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and, thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd sayings and absurdities of their college cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, till, after many repeated trials, he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unreasonable, seemed to foretel an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry, which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author, To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar. Jack's good sense soon made him reflect, that he had often exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation, which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him next morning

the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he now is.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word Conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man, who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges, whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because no body envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? Or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in,

by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it; the beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain, that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty, formal man, who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse. Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man, who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose: I might add, that he, who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so: it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would, least of all, be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good-humour, sense, and discretion, can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if, when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which, though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense (as they are the best openings to a real character), than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, That coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload, whether an handsome opportunity offers itself or no. Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company, who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider, that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some peo-

ple take in what they call speaking their minds. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said, there is something that can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations, added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

Ride si sapis ———

MART.

Laugh, if you're wise.

IN order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality: for, as Milton says,

——“Smiles from reason flow, to brutes denied,
And are of love the food” ———

It may be remarked in general under this head, that

the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint, constrained kind of half laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre. I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's or the actor's.

As the playhouse affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette, the coquette in her turn laughs

at the starchness and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop, and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughs under the following heads:—

THE DIMPLERS,
THE SMILERS,
THE LAUGHERS,
THE GRINNERS,
THE HORSE-LAUGHERS.

The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common *risus* of the ancients.

The grin, by writers of antiquity, is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficient in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This, upon all occasions, supplies the want of reason, is always received with great applause in coffee house disputes, and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh, or dimple; she looks upon all the other kinds

of laughter as excesses of levity ; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character, all her modesty seems collected into her face, and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time, her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit ; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features, yet even these may be said to smother a laugh, as the former to stifle a smile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the smile, the better to sympathize with the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding ; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levees ; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of distinction than the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author some years since published a

collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called *Laugh and be Fat*, or *Pills to purge Melancholy* : I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural 'squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses' milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his so frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal somewhere says of him,

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt, is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good-humour, as to strike in with the gaiety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the raillery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of grinders; when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recal youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit; but he very frequently calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinders, which the

ancients call Megarics, and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their mirth at the expense of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric, and in visits the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but, in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features; she subdues the formal lover with the dimple, accosts the sop with the smile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh; to vary the air of her countenance frequently rallies with a grin; and when she hath ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

The horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen of consumptive and hectic constitutions to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a Sardonic laugher in the following line,

Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and

strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called The Chorus of Conversation.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

HOR.

Sticking like leeches till they burst with blood.

ROSCOMMON.

TOM LIZARD told us a story the other day of some persons which our family know very well with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day, being with some of his inns of court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called a pleasant humour enough. I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, "Faith, gentlemen" said he, "I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it."

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a knack; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour, and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist, by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet farther, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which

robbed him of his fat and his fame at once ; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation : I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories, but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome ; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned ; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them ; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chose aptly for the story. Thus, I remember, Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far.

There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story teller to end his relation by saying, That's all!

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy — he's gone! — was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened, in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John — no, it was William, started a hare in the common field: that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed: and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, until I told him, "Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine."

But of all evils in story telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son give my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, "Ay, but father," saith the son, "let us have the Spirit in the Wood." After that hath been laughed at, "Ay, but father," cries the booby again, "tell us how you served the robber." "Alack-a-day !" saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, "I have almost forgot that, but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure." Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, "Madam, I have lost by you to-day." "How so, Sir Harry," replies my lady. "Madam," says he, "I have lost an excellent stomach." At this his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry has been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady

countenance, that cock their hats and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, Well ! and what then ? Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence ; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

— *Quæ possit facere et servare beatum.*

HOR.

To make men happy and to keep them so.

CREECH.

IT is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But, as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are which will give us the least uneasiness

in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, that nothing is made in vain, much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence, as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing than the acquisition is easy,; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural, that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And indeed excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money is fantastical; so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection

on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons, who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts and natural judgment, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim (*viz.* That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it), to convince myself that I have

a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birthnight, as giving more natural light to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paraquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces, or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters. My couches, beds, and window curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those, who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss? But, as I have frequently taken occasion to

animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, till I see some symptoms of amendment.

— *Primoque a cæde ferarum*

Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.

OID.

The essay of blood feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.

DRYDEN.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked, or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-beating, cock-fighting, and

the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sort of birds, as swallows or martins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin redbreasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but

three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine; though I am inclined to believe the former, since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports: in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it, but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

— *Questuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti similis.—

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters

roasted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrowed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect, That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, who has no ears. "Yet if," says he, "we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception." In the life of Cato the censor, he takes occasion from the severe disposition of that man to discourse in this manner: "It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in, than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind, but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest: such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good nature on all below us. It is certainly the

part of a well natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed, in his youth, to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to show, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion.

*Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tucndos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar ?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis ; vitæque magis, quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude, dolisque
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruriculum mactare suum —*

*Quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures !
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare potest ?*

Perhaps that voice or cry, so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has indued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness: "Should I not spare Nineveh, the great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons—and also much cattle?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in these words; "If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

"A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers

had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder entreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, 'I shall do no more,' said the adder, 'than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet.' The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? 'If you mean according to the usage of men,' replied the tree, 'by its contrary: I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks.' Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so: 'I know it,' said the cow, 'by woeful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me.' The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who upon hearing the story, in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was pos-

sible for the adder to enter into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces."

O Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint !

VIRG.

Too happy, if they knew their happy state.

UPON the late election of king's scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster school. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein: the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions, which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too oft exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors is abandoned for law latin, the lucubrations of our paltry newsmongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets, which corrupt our taste and infest the public. The ideas of virtue, which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaux, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees,

we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discovers the causes and designs, the frame, connection, and symmetry of things, and fills the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest genii that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There the stock of learning, transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who, having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations, that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors : upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of Christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known, that, after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages, and of antiquity.

Or, if a freethinker is ignorant of these facts, he may be convinced from the manifest reason of the thing. Is it not plain that our skill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which, that they are still preserved among us, can be ascribed only to a religious regard ? What else should be the cause why the youth of Christendom, above the rest of mankind, are educated in the painful study of those dead languages, and that religious societies should peculiarly be employed in acquiring that sort of knowledge, and teaching it to others ?

And it is more than probable, that, in case our freethinkers could once achieve their glorious design of sinking the credit of the Christian religion, and causing those revenues to be withdrawn, which their wiser forefathers had appointed to the support and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaster would be as intelligible as the Greek Testament, and we, who want that spirit and curiosity which distinguished the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapse into the same state of barbarism, which overspread the northern nations before they were enlightened by Christianity.

Some, perhaps, from the ill-tendency and vile taste which appear in their writings, may suspect that the freethinkers are carrying on a malicious design against the belles lettres: for my part I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches, of short views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the causes or consequences of things.

*Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.*

TER.

My advice to him is, to consult the lives of other men, as he would a looking glass, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

THE paper of to-day shall consist of a letter from my friend Sir Harry Lizard, which, with my answer, may be worth the perusal of young men of estates, and young women with fortunes; it is absolutely necessary, that in our first vigorous years we lay down some law to ourselves for the conduct of future life, which may at least prevent essential misfortunes. The cutting cares, which attend such an affection as that against which I forewarn my friend Sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleasure; but when they have opposed their satisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

“DEAR OLD MAN,

“I believe you are very much surprised, that in the several letters I have written to you, since the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady for a wife to your humble servant, I have not made the least mention of that matter. It happens at this time, that I am not so much inclined to marry;

there are very many matches in our country, wherein the parties live so insipidly, or so vexatiously, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Besides, to tell you the truth, good Nestor, I am informed your fine young woman is soon to be disposed of elsewhere. As to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your great town, I do not know one whom I could think of as a wife, who is not either prepossessed with some inclination for some other man, or affects pleasures and entertainments, which she prefers to the conversation of any man living. Women of this kind are the most frequently met with of any sort whatsoever, I mean they are the most frequent among people of condition, that is to say, such are easily to be had as would sit at the head of your estate and table, lie in by you for the sake of receiving visits in pomp at the end of the month, and enjoy the like gratifications from the support of your fortune; but you yourself would signify no more to one of them than a name in trust in a settlement, which conveys lands and goods, but has no right for its own use. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife, than an ambitious man can be a friend; they both sacrifice all the true tastes of being, and motives of life, for the ostentation, the noise, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of design can carry them on with an exclusion of their daily companions, so women of this kind of gaiety can live at bed and board with a man, without any affection to his person. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my sake, if you can possibly, find a means to converse with her at some country seat; if she has no relish for rural views, but is undelighted with streams, fields, and groves, I desire to hear no more of her; she has departed from nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity.

“ I have ever been curious to observe the arrogance

of a town lady when she first comes down to her husband's seat, and beholding her country neighbours wants somebody to laugh with her at the frightful things to whom she herself is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat step, the playing head, and the fall back in the courtesy, she does not imagine, make her as unconvertible, and inaccessible to our plain people, as the loud voice, and ungainly stride render one of our huntresses to her. In a word, dear Nestor, I beg you to suspend all inquiries towards my matrimony till you hear farther from,

" Sir,

" Your most obliged, and

" most humble Servant,

" HARRY LIZARD."

A certain loose turn in this letter, mixed indeed with some real exceptions to the too frequent silly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no small anxiety, and I have sent Sir Harry an account of my suspicions as follows :—

" TO SIR HARRY LIZARD.

" SIR,

" Your letter I have read over two or three times, and must be so free with you as to tell you it has in it something which betrays you have lost that simplicity of heart with relation to love, which I promised myself would crown your days with happiness and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage is not represented as flowing from discretion, and wariness in the choice, but a disinclination to that state in general; you seem secretly to propose to yourself (for I will think no otherwise of a man of your age and temper) all its satisfactions out of it, and to avoid the care and inconveniences that attend those who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greatest consideration of all, to wit,

regard of innocence ; but having, I think, in my eye what you aim at, I must, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderness of cares and distractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

“ Without naming names, I have long suspected your designs upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood, but give me leave to tell you with all the earnestness of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is, of all the follies in this life, the most fruitful of sorrow. You must make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and shame, which is the work of a demon. The fashion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon me in this talk like a poor well-meaning old man, who is past those ardencies in which you at present triumph : but believe me, Sir, if you succeed in what I fear you design, you will find the sacrifice of beauty and innocence so strong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will pass away in the worst condition imaginable, that of doubt and irresolution ; you will ever be designing to leave her, and never do it ; or else leave her for another, with a constant longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reserve the most pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed ; he will otherwise be reduced to this melancholy circumstance, that he gave his mistress that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that, or the usual inclination which men bestow upon their mistresses. After such an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only insipid, and not actually miserable ;

a woman, of as ancient a family as your own, may come into the house of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your servants, and insult yourself, while you bear all this with this unhappy reflection at the bottom of your heart: this is all for the injured —. The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biassed by prepossessions: How emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who, besides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a passion to one particular object in which he sees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt against it? I speak to you, my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error, which has rendered so many agreeable men unhappy before you. When a man is engaged among the dissolute, gay, and artful of the fair sex, a knowledge of their manners and designs, their favours unendeared by truth, their feigned sorrows and gross flatteries, must in time rescue a reasonable man from the enchantment; but in a case wherein you have none but yourself to accuse, you will find the best part of a generous mind torn away with her whenever you take your leave of an injured, deserving woman. Come to town, fly from Olinda, to your

“ Obedient humble Servant,
“ NESTOR IRONSIDE.”



— *Docebo*

Unde parentur opes, quid alat, formetque poetam.—HOR.

— I will teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd.

ROSCOMMON.

IT is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in

the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry, as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flower, oranges, plumbs, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies, learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with epic poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing; the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain receipt, by which— even sonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet is to be knowing in all

arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot imperiously offend in this point. The learning, which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value fourpence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities, but modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is in these days with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

For the Fable.

Take out of any old poem, history books, romance, or legend (for instance Geoffry of Monmouth or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy

into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry, it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an episode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the moral and allegory. These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure; be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the best celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under-characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines.

Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and

keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his art of Poetry :

*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*———

That it is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

For the Descriptions.

For a tempest. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a-blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similies, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning town. If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to you hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the theory of the conflagration, well circum-

stanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for similies and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation, the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

For the Language.

I mean the diction. Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke: you may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed to cool before they are read.

Inest sua gratia parvis.

VIRG.

Little things have their value.

IT is the great rule of behaviour to follow nature; the author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little soul exceptious, humoursome, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of raillery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as any ordinary man, but is contented to be still at

his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

“ TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I remember a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only in the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

“ I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

“ The day of our institution was the 10th of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

“ The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

“ At our first resort hither an old woman brought her son to the club-room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot, to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

“One said he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his perriwig-maker and shoemaker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

“Another alleged he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot, had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg he was at least five foot two inches and a half.

“There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures; and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed that those, who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

“We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniences for our accommodation. In the first place we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years. The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these were unspeakable. The president's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair, and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: it was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that, notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was a *sede vacante*. The table was so high that one, who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen

barbers. Another time one of the club spoke contumeliously of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot high without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow:—

“ I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like, or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on his seat; every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

“ II. If any member shall take advantage, from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out, between his hat and his shoes.

“ III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding above fourteen hands and a half in height, that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the club.

“ IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half, it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of lit-

teness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. *Note*, The form to be used in expelling a member, shall be in these words: Go from among us, and be tall if you can!

“It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of nature itself that men should be little: and we believe that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to our own measure.

“I am, very literally,

“Your humble servant,

“BOB SHORT.”

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito!

PLAUTUS.

Now I recollect, how considerable are these little men.

“TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

“SIR,

“The club rising early this evening, I have time to finish my account of it. You are already acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the characters of the members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

“The most eminent persons of our assembly are a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of the stature as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a spider is no ill

emblem of him. He has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But, indeed, what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry; for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse, to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in caiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

“Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powel’s. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was, the other night, excusing his absence from the club on account of an assignation with a lady (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too), who had consented to the accomplishment of his desires that evening. But one of the company, who was his confidant, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, That his toe should be tied to hers.

“Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe; which is also thought to have stunted his growth, for

he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus : when he speaks, it is slowly and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations ; like a limbec, that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the simples in it.

“ The last I shall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly, that the boys had run a pin through and set a-walking. He once challenged a tall fellow, for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once duck’d at the whizz of a cannon-ball. Tim was fully as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

“ These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size : these we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth, or of consolation to each other. The president had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day ; whereupon he informed us, it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet had been subject to, who is recorded to have been so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind, with lead on one side and his own works on the other. The lover confessed, the other night, that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the Legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures : and as for the politician, he declares him-

self an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laughed at but in his absence.

“ We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxembourg, that made Lewis XIV a grand monarch, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace Lepidissimum Homunculum; and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to all posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader, and all his adherents, that Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes, with the learned person above mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his *Battle of the Mouse and the Frog*. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

“ As I am secretary to the club, it is my business whenever we meet to take minutes of the transactions: this has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such re-

fractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world for their punishment and reformation. For the president has granted me the sole propriety of exposing and showing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes: reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club.

“BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*”

*Ingenium sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis; statua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit.*——

HOR.

The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
The boys flock round him, and the people stare.
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air.

POPE.

SINCE our success in worldly matters may be said to depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpose to inquire, if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and surer than they are. The education of youth falls of necessity under the direction of those, who, through fondness to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the misery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the sufferers upon wrong advances, seldom find

out the errors till they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the universities, the errors, which I conceive to be in those places, fall most naturally under the following observations: The first mismanagement in these public nurseries is the calling together a number of pupils, of howsoever different ages, views, and capacities, to the same lectures: but surely there can be no reason to think, that a delicate, tender babe, just weaned from the bosom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinences of his heart's desire, should be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philosophy with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occasionally scourged through some of the great schools, groaned under constant rebuke and chastisement, and maintained a ten years' war with literature under very strict and rugged discipline.

I know the reader has pleased himself with an answer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and designs of the pupil cannot be expected from the trifling salary paid upon such account. The price, indeed, which is thought a sufficient reward for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable consideration, the enlarging which would not only increase the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement, to such as designed to take this province upon them, to furnish themselves with a more general and extensive knowledge. As the case now stands, those of the first quality pay their tutors but little above half so much as they do their footmen. What morality, what history, what taste of the modern languages, what, lastly, that can make a man happy or great may not be expected in return for such an immense treasure! It is monstrous, indeed, that the men of the best estates and families are more solicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or

horse, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical veneration that is maintained at the university for Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon such exercises as many of them are incapable of performing with any tolerable success. Upon this emergency they are succoured by the allowed wits of their respective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together with a very small proportion of sense.

But the most established error of our university education is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few blessed with a genius, that shall force success by the strength of itself alone, and few occasions of life that require the aid of such genius, the vast majority of the unblessed souls ought to store themselves with such acquisitions, in which every man has capacity to make a considerable progress, and from which every common occasion of life may reap great advantage. The persons that may be useful to us in the making our fortunes, are such as are already happy in their own. I may proceed to say, that the men of figure and family are more superficial in their education than those of a less degree, and, of course, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another, which they themselves are masters of, for their own application implies the pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own characters proposed as imitable, they must be won by such an irresistible flattery. But those of the university, who are to make their fortunes by a ready insinuation into the favour of their superiors, condemn this necessary foppery so far as not to be able to speak common sense to them, without hesitation, perplexity, and confusion.

For want of care in acquiring less accomplishments which adorn ordinary life, he that is so unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him so.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is said purely for their service, and tends to no other injury against them, than admonishing them not to overlook such little qualifications as they every day see defeat their greater excellencies in the pursuit both of reputation and fortune.

If the youth of the university were to be advanced, according to their sufficiency in the severe progress of learning; or riches could be secured to men of understanding, and favour to men of skill; then indeed all studies were solemnly to be defied, that did not seriously pursue the main end: but since our merit is to be tried by the unskilful many, we must gratify the sense of the injudicious majority, satisfying ourselves that the shame of a trivial qualification sticks only upon him that prefers it to one more substantial. The more accomplishments a man is master of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance; and upon these considerations, without doubt, the author of the Italian book called *Il Cortegiano*, or the courtier, makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horse, nay even wrestling, with several others as low qualifications, necessary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reason no doubt, because his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to pursue this end was the furnishing him with such real and seeming excellences as each degree had its particular taste of. But those of the university, instead of employing their leisure hours in the pursuit of such acquisitions as would shorten their way to better fortune, enjoy those moments at certain houses in the town, or repair to others at very

pretty distances out of it, where they drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more. Persons of this indigent education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for modest, especially in the point of behaviour; though it is easy to prove, that this mistaken modesty not only arises from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its opposite, pride. For he that is conscious of his own insufficiency to address his superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the construction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue against the base submissive application from men of letters to men of fortune, and he grieved when they see, as Ben Johnson says,

—— The learned pate
Duck to the golden fool ——

though these are points of necessity and convenience, and to be esteemed submissions rather to the occasion than to the person. It was a fine answer of Diogenes, who being asked in mockery, why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not. It certainly must be difficult to prove, that a man of business or a profession ought not to be what we call a gentleman, but yet very few of them are so. Upon this account they have little conversation with those who might do them most service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for any thing they can do or say in such matters, have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation: whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing; and yet

if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good breeding give more just occasion to railery than the unlettered coxcombs with it: as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and a failure therefore more visible. What pleasant victories over the loud, the saucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding, which qualifications could we but join, would beget such a confidence, as arising from good sense and good-nature, would never let us oppress others, or desert ourselves. In short, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good breeding. I shall conclude with the face at least of a regular discourse; and say, if it is our behaviour and address upon all common occasions that prejudice people in our favour or to our disadvantage, and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few; it is not justifiable to spend so much time, in that which so very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.

— *Amphora caput*
Institui, currente rota, cur urceus exit?

HOR.

When you begin with so much pomp and show,
 Why is the end so little and so low?

ROSCOMMON.

I LAST night received a letter from an honest citizen, who it seems is in his honeymoon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving

it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

“ Cheapside, July, 18.

“ GOOD MR. IRON-
SIDE,

“ I have lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a-wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than I ever wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding-day I put myself, according to custom, in another suit fire new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours upon being so fine that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain gear again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved to come again to my every day's clothes, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress till the honeymoon is over. I have observed at a Lord Mayor's feast, that the sweetmeats don't make their appearance till people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs

But instead of this we serve up delicacies to our guests, when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver buttoned coat and silk nightgown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife will not repent of her marriage when she sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. Ironside, write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button. I am, &c.

“ P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they say too I must wear all the first month.”

My correspondent's observations are very just, and made be very useful in low life ; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the

greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good-breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her before marriage in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, "Madam, you see what sort of a man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse." I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? "No, madam," says Tom, "I mention this because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it." In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.

— *Hic murus aheneus esto*
Nil conscire sibi —

HOR.

True conscious honour is to feel no sin :
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within :
 Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.

POPE.

THERE are a sort of knights-errant in the world, who are quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men

of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.

CATO.

I have often wondered, that these deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances one would think sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate? and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself; nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to this subject by two letters, which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

“ ——— shire, July, 1713.

“ SIR,

“ The other day I went into the house of one of

my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman, very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

“MY LORD,

“Last night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame, and infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her

virtue and reputation. O, my lord, should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters? I know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my Lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? And must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I say, consider, and may your lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title, which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestors were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a ponder to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At this rate the laws of reward should be inverted, and he who is generous and good should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining virgins and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my Lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but shall curse you with my dying breath, and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind I could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your unutter-

able lothing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and overawed my daughter to comply.

“ Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow, nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon that till I do.

“ My Lord,

☞ “ Your conscience will help you to my name.”

Iter pigrorum quasi sepes spinarum.

EX LATIN. PROV.

The way of the slothful man is an hedge of thorns.

PROV.

THERE are two sorts of persons within the consideration of my frontispiece; the first are the mighty body of lingerers, persons who don't indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty innocents, who, as the poet says, “Waste away in gentle inactivity the day.”

The others, being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the case of the first seems to me the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice. The first is preferred even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr. Hobbes calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or suspension of our reason than in the possession of it. The irregular starts of vicious appetites are in time

destroyed by the gratification of them ; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. " I went," says Solomon, " by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo ! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." To raise the image of this person, the same author adds, " The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth." If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness should of itself be persuasion enough to the men of sense to avoid it. I say to the men of sense, because there are of those that give into it, and for these chiefly is this paper designed. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn, sanguine youth ; they are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain ; as the strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may say, there is more toil, fatigue, and uneasiness in sloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, spleen is the necessary consequence. This directs him instantly to the contemplation of his health or circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy inquiries. If he has any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the dispatch of it impossible ; and he cries out, with Solomon, " There is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets ;" that is, there is some difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books or business, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the

daily improvement of his knowledge or fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

Thick-eyed, musing, cursed melancholy, SHAK.

has that constant life in his visage and conversation, which the idle splenetic man borrows sometimes from the sunshine, exercise, or an agreeable friend. A recluse, idle sobriety must be attended with more bitter remorse than the most active debauchery can at any intervals be molested with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow as few reflections upon himself as the lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the misfortune to repent: I repeat, the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of the present case, and am now inquiring, not whose life is most irreligious, but most inconvenient. A gentleman, that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and something splenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank six hampers of Spaw water, several gallons of chalybeate tincture, two hogshheads of bitters, at the rate of sixty pounds an hogshhead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north-easterly winds, and, in short, run through more misery and expense than the most meritorious bravo could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of that worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost secrecy be idle in his own chamber, he says he was for some years irrecoverably sunk and immersed in the luxury of an easy chair, though at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this

lethargy he had some intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a mispent life. Thus the supposed relief became his punishment, and like the damned, in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

——“He felt, by turns, the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.”

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other, which the idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes, by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened by application out of slumber, has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as Sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry.

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee house near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To

secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers, therefore, every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent ; and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dextrous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse hair, which his periwig supplies him with ; he hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic bluebottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforesaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering, unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of an

idle life, it shall be under this head, *Pereunt et imputantur*; which is an inscription upon a sun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

——— *sanctus haberi*

Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?

Agnosco procerem ———

JUV.

Convince the world that you're devout and true;
Be just in all you say, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first quality to me.

STEPNEY.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission, however, to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very

justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man, in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes; or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man, of a great family, is a creature that is scarcely conversable: You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eyebrow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time" — Upon which a rough, honest gentleman took him up short — "I would fain know what that gentleman means. Is there any one in this house that has not had the

honour to be born as well as himself?" The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents, or flatterers, that lose all the respect, which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember, five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, "My Lord Such-a-one," says he, "your most humble servant. Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Hah! Frank, are you there?"

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the great-

est part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen, whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the 'Change in a coach and six. She pretended, that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers, but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the

history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, What was all this to me? upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides. After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

*Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque privus —*

PHÆDR.

Every man has his particular way of thinking and acting.

IT is a very just and common observation upon the natives of this island, that in their different degrees, and in their several professions and employments, they abound as much, and perhaps more, in good sense, than any people; and yet, at the same time, there is scarce an Englishman of any life and spirit, that has not some odd cast of thought, some original humour that distinguishes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our comedies are enriched with such a diversity of characters, as is not to be seen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the masquerades, that have been lately given to the town (though they are diversions we are not accustomed to), the singularities of dress were carried much farther than is usual in foreign countries, where

the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy to those amusements. The very same measure of understanding, the very same accomplishments, the very same defects shall, amongst us, appear under a quite different aspect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the English, as it would be to learn the Chinese language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour, so obvious in my countrymen, better than by comparing it to what the French call *Le gout du terroir* in wines; by which they mean the different flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the different soils in which it is planted. This national mark is visible amongst us in every rank and degree of men, from the persons of the first quality and politest sense, down to the rudest and most ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar cast of the head and turn of wit, or some uncommon whim, as a characteristic, that distinguishes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a smallcoal-man, who from beginning with two plain notes, which make up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the gammut, and has frequent concerts of music at his own house for the entertainment of himself and his friends. There is a person of great hospitality, who lives in a plastered cottage upon the road to Hampstead, and gets a superfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday passengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, cakes, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other small refreshments of life; and on work-days takes the air in his chaise, and recreates himself with the elegant pleasures of the *beau monde*. The shining men amongst our mob, dignified by the title of ringleaders, have an inexhaustible fund of archness and raillery;

as likewise have our sailors and watermen. Our very street-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the schoolmen term them. The other day a tattered wag followed me across the Mews with "One farthing or halfpenny, good your honour, do your honour; and I shall make bold to pray for you."

Shakespear (who was a great copier of nature), whenever he introduced any artisans, or low characters into his plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing strain of humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the scene of the grave-makers in Hamlet.

Though this singularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourselves, and diversifies all our conversations with such a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his essay upon poetry, endeavours to account for the British humours in the following manner.

"This may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unequalness of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are: we have more humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride to show it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece: where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples, as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation in small matters, as well as obedience in great: so that some nations look as if they were

cast all by one mould, or cut out all by one pattern (at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another): they seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions and their lives. Besides all this there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourselves too at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities, as well as many good."

Ours is the only country, perhaps, in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconstrained manner of living, that we owe, in a great measure, the number of shining geniuses, which rise up amongst us from time to time, in the several arts and sciences for the service and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous disposition in a people will likewise never fail to keep up in their minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a standing bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continues, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, speaking, and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much less to bear with the absurdities of Popery, in exchange for an established and a reasonable faith.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.

VIRG.

A mighty pomp, though made of little things.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more

disguises than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this: though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man as he is

1. A sinful, 2. An ignorant, 3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were he not a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature: were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or, in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of

man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder molehill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles, that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the molehill. Don't you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.


But here comes an insect of figure! Don't you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the molehill. Did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this nume-

rous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the molehill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age, but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette, that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all to draw the parallel closer will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the molehill in the shape of a cock sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day labourers, the white straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the molehill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth: or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?



*Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna :
Castigatque, auditque dolos : subigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.*

VIRG.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate :
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state :
He hears, and judges each committed crime ;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To the last hour of unrepenting death.

DRYDEN.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures ; in which I could not but observe, that, notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that the day hangs heavy on them, that they do not know what to do with themselves, that they are at a loss how to pass away their time, with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions

among creatures, who have the labours of the mind as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream:—

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, What they had been doing? Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. "Madam," says he, to the first of them, "you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while?" "Doing," says she, "really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect." After about half an hour's pause, she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beck-

oned to the keeper on his left hand to take her into custody. "And you, Madam," says the judge, "that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while?" "I had a great deal of business on my hands," says she, "being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances." "Very well," says he, "you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her." The next was a plain country woman: "Well, mistress," says Rhadamanthus, "and what have you been doing?" "An't please you worship," says she, "I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country." Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. "And you, fair lady," says he, "what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years?" "I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir," said she. "That is well," says he; "but what good have you been doing?" The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus, observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination, when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? "Truly," says she, "I lived threescore and ten

years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times. I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages." "Very well," says Rhadamanthus, "but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?" "Why, truly," says she, "I was so taken up in publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own." "Madam," says Rhadamanthus, "be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. "Old gentlewoman," says he, "I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, What have you been doing so long in the world?" "Ah, Sir!" says she, "I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end." "Madam," says he, "you will please to follow your leader;" and spying another of the same age, he interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, "I have been the wife of a husband, who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it." Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so

great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands, so that, pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years she had past in the world, "I have endeavoured," says she, "ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to which I past my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays"—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females, that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay sometime, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and

laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt, which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of "leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done."

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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